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TIME

THE MAGAZINE



SECRETARY
McNAMARA

ROBERT VILKREY

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FLIGHT	DEPARTURE TO ARRIVE	TIME	DATE	REMARKS
42	4:50	4:40	14	SAN FRANCISCO
80	5:25	5:20	10	KANSAS CITY
800	5:57	6:00	15	KANSAS CITY CHICAGO
801	6:00	6:10		ROME PARIS
701	6:15	6:15		FRANKFURT LONDON
104	7:10	7:10	11	CHICAGO PITTSBURGH
18	7:05	7:05	12	CHICAGO COLUMBUS
56	8:07	8:07	9	OKLAHOMA CITY ST. LOUIS
901	8:50	9:00		ROME MADRID
184	8:37	8:37	8	KANSAS CITY CHICAGO

FLIGHT	DEPARTURE TO ARRIVE	TIME	DATE	REMARKS
57	5:30	5:30	8	CHICAGO LOS ANGELES
101	5:30	5:30	9	PITTSBURGH LOS ANGELES
145	6:30	6:30	11	CHICAGO
81	6:45	6:30	10	non stop KANSAS CITY
900	7:00	7:00	12	MADRID ROME
71	7:15	7:15	14	ST. LOUIS
800	7:15	7:25	15	PARIS ROME
1	7:30	7:30	8	non stop LOS ANGELES
501	7:35	7:35	1	WASHINGTON CHICAGO
700	8:00	8:00	9	LONDON FRANKFURT

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**Supervised trading hours:
another way the New York Stock Exchange endeavors
to maintain a fair and orderly market.**

Not many minutes ago the floor of the New York Stock Exchange, now deep in silence above, was crackling with activity.

More than 2,200 men gave the room the electric vitality that has made it one of America's most interesting places to see.

What's happened to them? The closing bell has rung. At 3:30, buying and selling of stock in the auction market stopped. The market had opened at 10:00 in the morning.

No member can transact business in listed stocks outside the auction market or at any hours other than 10:00-3:30 without permission of the Exchange.

Exchange rules for trading

There are many rules and procedures governing the buying and selling of securities on the floor of the Exchange. Each stock is assigned to a specific trading post and transactions can take place only at that spot. Other rules apply to the member who executes your order. He tries to get the best price available in the auction market. Normally the price of the transaction that follows is reported on the ticker promptly and sped throughout the country.

One of the vital jobs of the Exchange is to provide a marketplace through which millions of people can become owners of American business or convert their securities readily into cash.

You start things in motion, of course, when you place your order with your local Member Firm of the Exchange.

Exchange rules for Member Firms

Every Member Firm is expected to meet the requirements of Exchange rules for maintaining adequate capital. Firms carrying customers' accounts must answer at least three financial questionnaires each year—one based on a surprise audit by independent auditors. The Exchange's examiners also visit Member Firms to spot check books and records.

All Registered Representatives in a Member Firm have had to meet Exchange requirements for knowledge of the securities business. Today every new applicant must pass a written examination.

The objective of the Exchange is to maintain high standards of honor and integrity among members and to promote just and equitable principles of trade. This is why we are aware of the importance of keeping the Exchange market efficient, orderly, dependable and fair.

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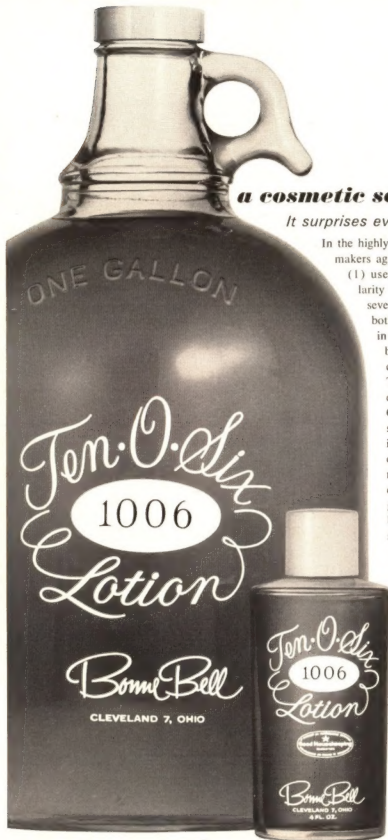
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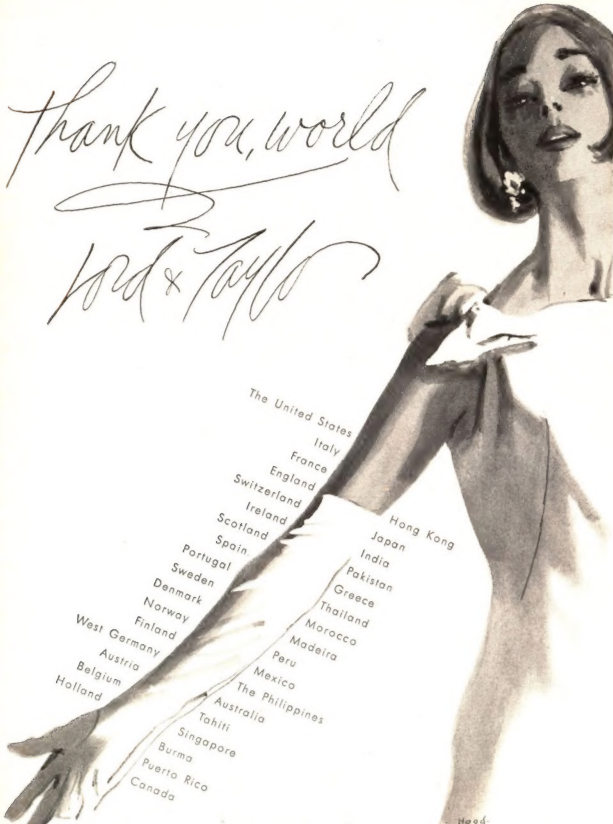
In the highly competitive beauty business, cosmetics makers agree on at least two industry-wise maxims:

(1) use small, fancy packages and (2) the popularity of any beauty preparation will fade after seven years. ■ Only *one* beauty product breaks both rules. Ten-O-Six Lotion is more popular in its 28th year than ever before—and enjoys beautifully brisk sales in pints, quarts and even the homely gallon jug. ■ What makes Ten-O-Six so unusual? ■ Ten-O-Six does exactly what its users expect it to do: Cleanses skin immaculately, deeply, antiseptically—medicates to help clear blemishes—soothes with emollients—normalizes oily or dry conditions. This unique combination of cleansing and corrective action causes confident customers to buy it by the gallon. ■ If you have not tried Ten-O-Six, buy it first in our "little" four—or eight-ounce sizes at better cosmetics counters...we are confident you will eventually purchase the gallon. Or, send 30 cents to Bonne Bell, Cleveland 7, Ohio. We'll send you a very generous sample and the name of your nearest dealer.

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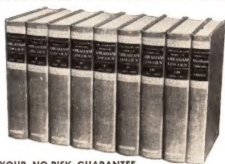
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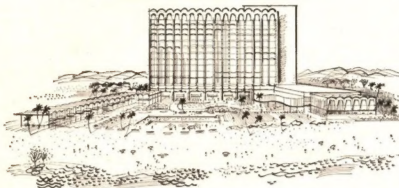
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TIME LISTINGS

CINEMA

A Child Is Waiting. There are 5,700,000 "mental defectives" in the U.S., and this picture forces U.S. moviegoers to look them and their problems in the face. The theme is not pleasant but the script (Abby Mann), the direction (John Cassavetes) and the principal performances (Burt Lancaster, Judy Garland, Bruce Ritchey) are honest and moving.

Days of Wine and Roses. Drunks are bores, but Jack Lemmon, wry on the rocks, is one of the most entertaining fellows who ever said cheers when they meant booze, and this is the best picture about alcoholism since *The Lost Weekend* (1945).

The Bad Sleep Well. A thriller of considerable social significance in which Japan's Akira Kurosawa examines with ferocious irony and some exaggeration the motives and the operations of Big Business in Japan.

Night Is My Future. Sweden's Ingmar Bergman has long since fallen out of love with love, but in 1947, when he made this burningly romantic little picture, he could still tell a simple tale of man and maid, and tell it with all his art.

Who's Got the Action? Lana Turner, that's who. She plays a bride who makes book for her horse-playing husband, Dean Martin, in this modest attempt to improve an unpromising breed: the formula farce.

Eclipse. In this picture, Director Michelangelo Antonioni (*L'Avventura*) perfects his subtle and expressive language of film, but unfortunately he employs it to say the same hopeless things he always says about the human condition.

David and Lisa. In his first movie, made for less than \$200,000, Director Frank Perry tells a heart-rending, heart-warming tale of two psychotic adolescents (Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin) who find love at the bottom of the snake pit.

Lawrence of Arabia. Blood, sand and stars (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Jack Hawkins, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, Arthur Kennedy), with the help of a top director (David Lean) and a \$10 million budget make this the best superspectacle since *Ben-Hur*.

The Lovers of Teruel. One of those ballet movies, but this time it's for surreal, and Ludmila Tcherina, though she wobbles on her toes, gives the picture body.

Freud. Director John Huston has turned out an intense, intelligent cinemograph on the early struggles of the papa of psychiatry, portrayed without much psychological insight by Montgomery Clift.

Electra. Greek tragedy is a nectar that does not travel well, but Director Michael Cacoyannis has managed to transform the tragedy by Euripides into a beautiful and sometimes touching film.

Junho. Jimmy Durante and Martha Raye measure comic talents in this ponderous pachyderm of a picture—a \$5,000,000 screen version of the 1935 Broadway musical. Jimmy wins by a nose.

Two for the Seesaw. Shirley MacLaine is pretty funny in a pretty funny film version of William Gibson's Broadway comedy. Robert Mitchum is not.

Long Day's Journey into Night. Eugene O'Neill's play, one of the greatest of the

TIME, FEBRUARY 15, 1963



The chateau country of the Loire. Fly KLM to Paris and you can visit London, Brussels, and Amsterdam for no extra air fare.

Fly to France with reliable KLM—your KLM jet carries enough fuel to fly an extra thousand miles

(For more news about reliable KLM and the careful, punctual Dutch—read on)

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2. KLM invention checks entire electrical system of KLM jet before take-off. This apparatus is one of a long list of technical firsts for the careful, punctual Dutch. KLM was also the world's first airline to use air-cooled engines, blind-flying instruments, Sperry Zero Readers, and a dozen more devices to make flying more reliable.

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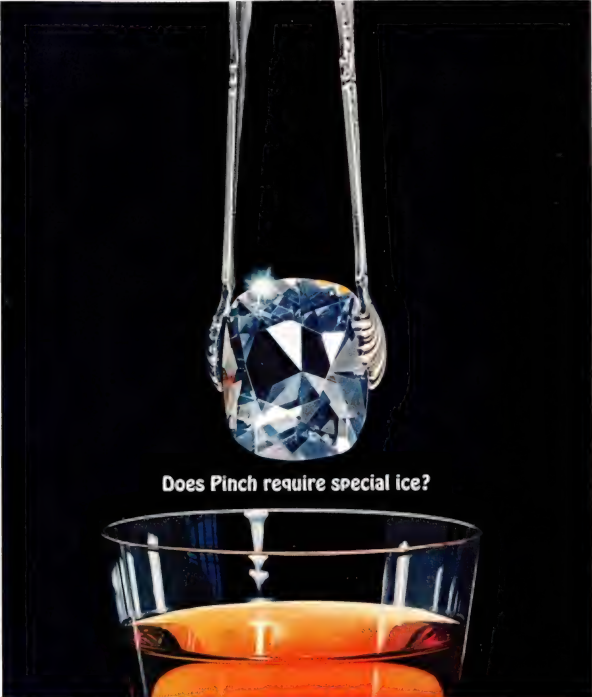
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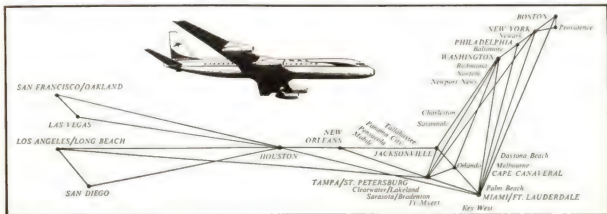
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century, is brought to screen by without significant changes and with a better than competent cast: Katharine Hepburn, Ralph Richardson, Jason Robards Jr. and Dean Stockwell.

No Exit. A competent cinemadaptation of Jean-Paul Sartre's celebrated attempt to demonstrate the existentialist tenet that hell is other people.

Gay Purr-ee. A full-length, somewhat over-animated cartoon about a pretty French pussy named Mewsette who falls in with a sinister *alliee* cat but is rescued by a hair-trigger mouser.

The Reluctant Saint. Maximilian Schell attains new histrionic heights in the amusing, amazing story of San Giuseppe of Cupertino (1603-63), a saint who could literally fly.

The Long Absence. A man who does not know who he is and a woman who thinks he is her husband suffer their strange dilemma in a strange but affecting French film, thoughtfully directed by Henri Colpi.

TELEVISION

Wednesday, February 13

A Dickens Chronicle (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A dramatization of the life and works of Charles Dickens, with Clive Revell, Douglas Campbell, Robert Stephens and Rosemary Harris.

Going My Way (ABC, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Keir Dullea (David of David and Lisa) and Susan Kohner are guests on the weekly soaper, with regulars Father Gene Kelly and Father Leo G. Carroll.

Thursday, February 14

Playwright at Work (WNBT, 9-9:30 p.m.). Off-Broadway Playwright Jack Richardson (*The Prodigal*, *Gallions Humor*), whose first on-Broadway work, *Lorenzo*, opens tonight, discusses the role of the philosopher in the theater.

The Nurses (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Joan Hackett, sometimes girl friend of Ken Preston on *The Defenders*, joins Regulars Shirl Conway and Zina Bethune in an episode about a pregnant, unwed nurse.

Heifetz Master Class (WNBT, 10:30-11 p.m.). Violinist Jascha Heifetz and Student Erick Friedman explore Bach's *Sonata for Violin in G Minor and Concerto for Two Violins*.

Friday, February 15

The Big Preview (WOR-TV, 7:30-9 p.m.). Burlly Anthony Quinn and early Sophia Loren in *Attila*.

Exploring the Universe (WNBT, 8:30 p.m.). Dave Garraway, guests and astronomy.

The New York Junior League Mardi Gras Ball (CBS, 11:15 a.m.-12 noon). From the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor; Mayor Wagner will present the Queen of the Ball.

Saturday, February 16

Cities, People and Architecture (NBC, 2:30-3 p.m.). Dean Charles R. Colbert of Columbia's School of Architecture will moderate a discussion on "What Is a Structure?"

Repertoire Workshop (CBS, 3:30-4 p.m.). A dramatization of Gustave Flaubert's *A Simple Heart*.

Wide World of Sport (ABC, 5-6:30

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p.m.), N.Y.A.C. indoor track meet from Madison Square Garden.

The Defenders (CBS, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). Fritz Weaver is guest defendant this week, and the charge is espionage.

The National Hockey League (WPXI-TV, 9-11 p.m.). The New York Rangers v. the Toronto Maple Leafs in Toronto.

Saturday Night at the Movies (NBC, 9-11:19 p.m.). *The Long, Hot Summer* with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Orson Welles and Anthony Franciosa—loosely based on a Faulkner novel.

Sunday, February 17

Lamp unto My Feet (CBS, 10-10:30 a.m.). Mahalia Jackson in a program of spirituals.

Camera Three (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). "The Problem That Has No Name," a discussion of woman's feelings of fulfillment, with Betty Friedan, author of *The Feminine Mystique*.

Sunday Sports Spectacular (CBS, 2:30-4 p.m.). Highlights of 1962's nine Grand Prix races: Zandvoort, Monaco, Spa, Rouen, Aintree, Nürburgring, Monza, East London and Watkins Glen.

Update (NBC, 5-5:30 p.m.). Robert Abernethy's teen-age news program looks at Africa and oceanography.

The Twentieth Century (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Walter Cronkite reports on U.S. foreign aid in "We Fed Our Enemies," with guests General Lucius Clay and Admiral Lewis Strauss.

A Look at Monaco (CBS, 8-9 p.m.). Princess Grace (nee Kelly) does for Monaco what Jackie Kennedy did for the White House, with the aid of His Serene Highness Rainier III.

Open End (WNEU-TV, 9-11 p.m.). Susskind and guest experts dip into the problems of alcoholism.

The Voice of Firestone (ABC, 10-10:30 p.m.). Sally Anne Howes, Blanche Thebom, Aldo Monaco, Edward Villella and Arthur Fiedler are guests.

Monday, February 18

David Brinkley's Journal (NBC, 10-10:30 p.m.). A look at British gambling.

Ben Casey (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). James Donald portrays a surgeon who is urged to operate on his hated ex-wife.

Tuesday, February 19

Festival of the Performing Arts (WNEU-TV, 9-10 p.m.). British Actor Robert Morley reads from his own works.

The Most Powerful Woman of the Century (WPXI-TV, 8:30-9:30 p.m.). A special documentary on the life of Eva Perón.

THEATER

New Shows on Broadway

Natural Affection, by William Inge, is a sensual melodrama acted and directed with hypnotic and devastating force. The characters may not be the sort one would invite to dinner, but they involve the playgoer inexorably in their tawdry fates.

The Hollow Crown is an expertly fashioned, gracefully rendered, persistently evocative evening of dramatic readings, chronicling a cavalcade of English monarchs from King Arthur to Queen Victoria. To the democratic land of king-size everything, *The Hollow Crown* brings a rare and resplendent novelty, king-size kings.

An Evening with Maurice Chevalier. Close to 75, Chevalier has not stopped Father Time, but he certainly makes him



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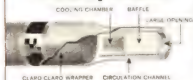
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FORUM
BY WEBSTER

think. He is one of the last of the pure entertainers, aiming only to please, and he sings of his enduring love affair with life.

The School for Scandal, by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, is an iridescently enchanting, contagiously amusing evening in an 18th century drawing room. John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson top a superlative cast and bring to the Broadway stage the unfamiliar glory of literate English spoken with wit, clarity and precision.

The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore, by Tennessee Williams. A rich old clownish woman rages desperately against the good-night of death, until a Christ figure comforts her tormented soul. Hermione Huddleley plays the dying woman with blinding, blistering brilliance.

Little Me wears its high-polish frivolities with a sophisticated air. The chief funmaster of this musical is Sid Caesar, who clowns his way through seven roles with imperial abandon.

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?, by Edward Albee, is a jolting, mesmerizing, wittily savage theatrical experience. In this brilliantly devised night of marital horrors, Arthur Hill plays cobra to Uta Hagen's mongoose.

Beyond the Fringe chips away at petrified people with satiric finesse. Four young and infectiously funny Englishmen perform the iconoclastic surgery.

Tchin-Tchin sees the world through a whisky glass, as a couple of wistful rejects drink the lees of abandonment by their mutually unfaithful spouses. Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn are amusing, affecting and effulgent.

Never Too Late, by Sumner Arthur Long, is pulverizingly funny about a piffling subject—belated fatherhood. As the *pater dolorosus*, Paul Ford is unimaginably droll.

Oliver!, twisted by Lionel Bart into a vulgarized travesty of Dickens, is a jolly bad musical show. Let the buyer beware, unless he prefers his classics edited by vandals.

Off Broadway

The Establishment. Britain's Angry Young Men seem to have ceded the spitball concession to a younger lot of Mocking Young Men. It's mock mock mock all night long in this revue, as a bouncy, agreeable quintet jive like carbon-copycats from *Beyond the Fringe*.

Desire Under the Elms, by Eugene O'Neill. The arena stage is not a very intense setting for this lacerating drama of greed, incest and infanticide on a New England farm, but an able company headed by Colleen Dewhurst pours the molten lava of passion over it.

The Dumbwaiter and The Collection are two one-acters by Britain's Harold Pinter, a playwright terrorist who can conjure up menace with the easy authority of a Hitchcock and pose Pirandellian conundrums about the nature of truth and reality.

A Man's a Man. Is it right to brainwash a man if it makes him happy? Is the individual an anachronism in the 20th century? These are some of the questions posed with inventive theatricality in this 1926 play by Bertolt Brecht.

The Blacks, by Jean Genet. Unsentimental in attitude, ritualistic in form, poetic in language, this unconventional play is a remarkable work of art on the color question.

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad.



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by Arthur Kopit, mobilizes undergraduate humor and surrealistic props to launch a hilariously bizarre offensive against poor Mom.

BOOKS

Best Reading

Crossroads of Power, by Sir Lewis Namier. The late great British historian, who loved tradition and loathed ideology, expounds his philosophy of history in these fond essays on 18th century English politics and people written over the course of a lifetime.

One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn. An ex-political prisoner, who spent eight years in Siberia, has soared to fame in Russia by writing a roughhewn novel about life in one of Stalin's concentration camps.

Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour—An Introduction, by J. D. Salinger. More installments in the life of the solemn little Glass menagerie may delight younger readers but may prove a bit wearing for older ones.

The Centaur, by John Updike. An imaginative retelling of the Greek myth in modern dress turns the tragic centaur Chiron into a long-suffering high school science teacher.

The Underdogs, by Mariano Azuela. The greatest novel ever written about the Mexican Revolution shows how idealism degenerates into savagery under the pressure of war.

March to Calumny, by Albert Biderman. Examining the behavior of captured G.I.s in Korea, a sociologist corrects the widespread impression that they were more easily brainwashed than other troops.

Diary of an Early American Boy, by Eric Sloane. The journal of a 15-year-old boy in the early 1800s is an absorbing how-to-do-it book about a time when charity (and everything else) still began at home.

The Fine Art of Literary Mayhem, by Myrick Land. Feuding authors have a way with rude remarks about one another that even fishwives would envy and, according to this book, nearly all the noted writers from Dickens and Thackeray to Hemingway and Gertrude Stein were feuding.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. **Seven Days in May**, Knebel and Bailey (2, last week)
2. **Fail-Safe**, Burdick and Wheeler (11)
3. **The Sand Pebbles**, McKenna (4)
4. **A Shade of Difference**, Drury (3)
5. **\$100 Misunderstanding**, Grover (7)
6. **The Moon-Spinners**, Stewart
7. **Genius**, Dennis (6)
8. **The Cape Cod Lighter**, O'Hara (5)
9. **Where Love Has Gone**, Robbins (8)
10. **The Prize**, Wallace (9)

NONFICTION

1. **Travels with Charley**, Steinbeck (1)
2. **Silent Spring**, Carson (2)
3. **Happiness Is a Warm Puppy**, Schulz (10)
4. **O Ye Jigs & Juleps!**, Hudson (6)
5. **My Life in Court**, Nizer (3)
6. **Final Verdict**, St. Johns (5)
7. **The Points of My Compass**, White (4)
8. **The Pyramid Climbers**, Packard (8)
9. **Renoir, My Father**, Renoir (9)
10. **Letters from the Earth**, Twain (7)



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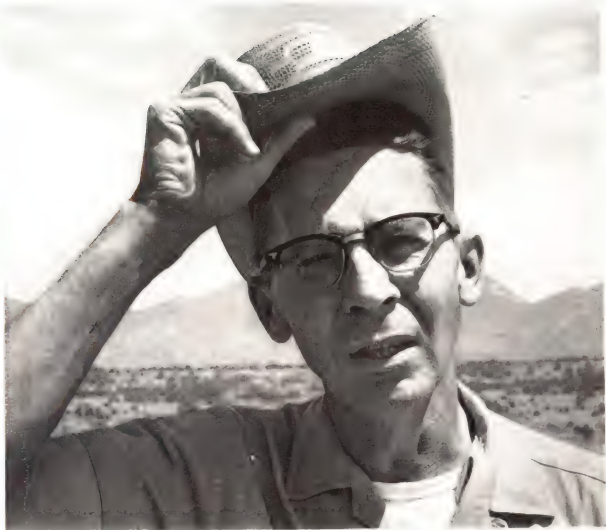
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The Uncommon Market

Sir:

Re your Feb. 8 cover portrait: the hat may be that of Napoleon, the bust that of Louis XIV, but the words coming from *le grand Charles's* mouth can only be those of that witty but cynical monarch Louis XV: "*Après moi, le déluge*."

RICHARD J. HEMAN

Cardinal Glennon College
St. Louis

Sir:

Though I hold no brief for General de Gaulle, and wish he'd retire tomorrow, I don't hold him entirely responsible for the mess we are in today.

Britain had the opportunity to join the Common Market when it was first formed, and probably would have, had it not been for the cry-baby attitude of such countries as Australia, New Zealand, and my own Canada, who by now should surely be old enough to stand on their own feet, rather than continue to cling to Mamma's skirts. Britain is no longer the great nation she was, and it is time she started thinking of herself, rather than of her children.

C. P. HOWELL

Vancouver, B.C.

Sir:

Thank you, Charles de Gaulle, for forcing Britain and the U.S. to do what they should have done 100 years ago: form an English-speaking Common Market (Britain, U.S., Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and India).

HAROLD R. NISSLEY

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir:

We British and our EFTA friends must form a united Europe with the Common Market countries eventually. You Americans, like many of us, are impatient for free world union. Do not forget, however, that Europe is led mainly by men in their late 60s, 70s and 80s, some of whom have been in power 10, 20 and even 30 years. For the present, therefore, free world progress, security and accord must still give way to self-pride and personal whims and ambitions, while those that obstinately refuse to stand down to younger men futilely strive to retain or regain past national glories.

IAN G. BEGG

Seoul, Korea

✉ More often attributed to Madame de Pompadour, speaking to Louis XV, in which case the quote goes, "*Après moi, le déluge*." Whoever said it wasn't being original: it goes back to an old French proverb about spendthrifts.

Sir:

As a political science student, I would like to thank TIME and particularly Writer McLaughlin for the De Gaulle cover story. It cleared up any doubts, or rather misunderstandings, I have had concerning the entire Common Market question. I feel that these things will eventually clear themselves up, as they have in previous clashes on Anglo-French policy.

THOMAS P. McLAUGHLIN

Lake Forest College
Lake Forest, Ill.

Taxed

Sir:

In your excellent article on Mortimer Caplin and our federal tax mess (Feb. 1), you stated: "Caplin has proposed regulations that all T & E (travel and entertainment) deductions be itemized if they amount to more than \$25. At first he put the figure at \$10."

The \$10 figure you referred to, which was changed to \$25, has nothing to do with itemization. It has to do with receipts to back up the itemization. The important point is that you must keep proper records to prove the time, place and business purpose of all expenditures, regardless of amount.

JOSEPH M. SEGEL

Philadelphia

Chosen People

Sir:

Orchids to you for your excellent presentation of the history and efforts of the Anti-Detamation League of B'nai B'rith (Feb. 8).

However, in a footnote you refer to the fact that "the Jews claim that they are God's chosen people." A large segment of your readers might misunderstand the expression "chosen people." The very widely used *High Holiday Prayer Book* that was compiled and arranged by Rabbi Morris Silverman says:

"No concept of Judaism has been more persistently misunderstood than that of the Chosen People. It has been confused with false pride and national chauvinism. It has been mistakenly identified with the pernicious doctrine of racial superiority. For the Jew, the concept of the 'chosen' people meant that more was expected of him than of others and that his actions would be judged by higher standards. It was a form of *noblesse oblige*, imposing upon him moral responsibilities, the need of stressing holiness, righteousness, and other spiritual values. The *Prayer Book* usually interprets the meaning

✉ Son of Writer McLaughlin.

of chosen people by linking it with the gift of the Torah, which is Israel's sacred trust and Israel's contribution to mankind."

ELLIOTT KROUSE

New York City

Nudes

Sir:

Your article on Artist Ben Johnson (Feb. 1) said that "the device of painting hatted nudes seems to be uniquely Johnson's."

Johnson had a significant forerunner who also created nudes wearing hats. TIME forgot about the German Lucas Cranach (1472-1553), whose paintings also portray females *avec un chapeau*.

LYNN DENTON
LINDA WILSON

Agnes Scott College
Decatur, Ga.

► Cranach dressed his models in men's hats—the large feathered headgear worn by the German Landsknechte (see cut).—En



CRANACH'S "VENUS"

Too Few Oos?

Sir:

Otto Harbach won't mind now, but Jeanette MacDonald or Nelson Eddy might object. In the Feb. 1 obituary on Librettist Harbach, there were not enough *oo-oo*s in *Indian Love Call*.

Now, who can sing *Indian Love Call* without all the *ooos*?

(MRS.) BETTY D. FORBES

Lebanon, Ind.

► Jeannette and Nelson notwithstanding, the sheet music has only five *ooos* per line in the refrain.—En

An Author on Fiction

Sir:

One of the communications in your letter-column [Feb. 1] that concerned the errors in technical accuracy in the bestseller *Fail-Safe* ended with the outraged protest that it "wasn't true, that it was 'nothing but fiction.'" Not being in the mood for a thriller, I haven't read the book, but I assume it is clearly labeled a novel—in other words, fiction. Fiction has many responsibilities, such as to entertain and to stimulate the imagination, but it has no responsibility whatsoever to be true. In fact it has, as the existence of libel laws attests, a responsibility to be not true. The reader can't have it both ways.

One is reminded of the scare over Orson Welles's fictional Martian-invasion broadcast, and of those viewers of soap operas

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James Thurber wrote about who have so little sense of the distinction between reality and fiction that they send real wedding presents, costing real money, when a soap opera shows its heroine getting married, and when, not two months later, the same heroine expects a blessed soap-opera event, send real layettes.

NANCY HALL

Charlottesville, Va.

Ambassador Abroad

Sir:

In your issue of Jan. 18, you published an article on the Middle East in which it was stated:

"On instructions from Washington, U.S. Ambassador to Egypt John Badeau last week brought the major foes face to face. In Badeau's presence at Cairo, Saudi Arabia's U.N. specialist, Ahmad Shukairy, held a long, secret conference with Egypt's Foreign Minister Mahmoud Fawzi."

I am informed by Ambassador Badeau that these statements are completely untrue. At no time during Mr. Shukairy's visit to Cairo did Ambassador Badeau see him.

PHILLIPS TALBOT
 Assistant Secretary

Department of State
 Washington, D.C.

King of the Corral

Sir:

I admire the work of prolific, prosperous Ernie Havemann (Feb. 1), but challenge your citation of him as "King of the Corral" among freelance writers.

My own byline last year appeared 23 times in twelve magazines, including *Atlantic Monthly*, *Saturday Post*, *Look*, and *Playboy*. In deference to Mortimer Caplin, I shall not cite income, but I suggest that 23 appearances in twelve magazines must outrank Havemann's 13 in five. And have you never heard of Mort Weisinger or Richard ("Dick the Factory") Gehman?

KEN W. PURDY

London

► Freelancers Purdy et al. do indeed bulk large down in the old corral, but Havemann, having sold his lucky day at the races to LITR, has all that and \$61,000 too.—Ed.

Island Favorites

Sir:

Thank you for the wonderful article on holidaying in the Caribbean (Feb. 1). It was well written and informative, though I was mildly disappointed by the few lines afforded Trinidad and the complete omission of beautiful Tobago. You did not mention our unique carnival, celebrated two days before Ash Wednesday—a spectacle of color well worth traveling all this way to see.

NAPIER PILLAI

Port-of-Spain, Trinidad

Sir:

I was surprised you did not include the Dominican Republic. It has remarkably attractive tourist facilities, and, as the recent scene of one of Latin America's fairest and freest elections, is undoubtedly headed toward successful development after the long night of *Trujillismo*.

RUSSELL H. FITZGIBBON

U.C.L.A.
 Los Angeles

Sir:

Your "Carib Song," touting the posh spots, left me tone-deaf. It was in Port-au-Prince that my wife and I really felt as though we had left the States. The Creoles exude a contagious warmth, affection, and charm. Within one day, I discovered I spoke with

HORIZON—A MAGAZINE TO ENGAGE THE MIND AND DELIGHT THE EYE

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a French accent of dubious origin. On the second day, my wife caught me kissing the hand of a lovely Creole girl. We had just been introduced. Vive le Old World charm!

L. A. KNIGHT

Grand Island, N.Y.

Sir,

You neglected to mention the most delightful and different island of them all, Aruba. A small, windy Dutch island that is located near the coast of Venezuela, it has much to offer those who want to get away from it all, including the many tourists who inhabit the other islands.

Since you were name-dropping hotels in your article, may I venture to say the Aruba Caribbean is by far the most desirable.

(MRS.) JUDY MCKEE SHAW

St. Louis

Sir,

I would like to correct an impression left by your otherwise delightful article on Caribbean travel that unless the visitor can match dollar for dollar with Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Ford he had better stay home. The fact is that the majority of Barbados accommodations, for example, are approximately \$12 with meals at this peak time of year.

PETER MORGAN
Chairman

Barbados Tourist Board
Barbados

For Fromm

Sir,

Let's welcome psychoanalyst Erich Fromm [Jan. 25] to the world of politics. He can do much less harm there than he has done with the human mind.

PAUL G. NEIMARK
Executive Editor

Men's Digest
Chicago

Sir,

The concern for the destiny and infinite worth of man, a vision that there could be a day when men would find there was nothing more important to exchange than "trust for trust," was Marx's core of meaning. Fromm, with similar concern, sees the striving for individual self-realization and brotherhood (though they have become more and more unconscious yearnings) eroded, repressed and misdirected with the help of social forces.

When man gives up the struggle for self, he is on the road to giving up reason, freedom and then sanity. What is frightening and "rotten" for Fromm is not primarily the characteristics of middle, upper or lower classes but the general symptom of avoiding the pain of employing reason—the case with which we turn the Kremlin into a menagerie of monsters devoid of understandable, recognizable human motivations and the West into the faultless frame of reference by which all else is judged.

ROBERT E. EPSTEIN

New York City

Religion & Race

Sir,

An intelligent observer can easily report such bitter remarks, some of which I myself heard, as were made by certain participants in the recent National Conference on Religion and Race [Jan. 25]. Religious bodies in the U.S. deserve their quota of blame for neglect of the acute racial issue. But I fail to see past failures as an excuse for seething at an honest effort to marshal joint religious forces in an all-out assault upon the rapidly growing spirit of racial hatred. Are we to leave untied the power of a united appeal



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BAEZ, BRUINS AND BEETHOVEN

NEW YORK RADIO

PEOPLE

ED JOYCE—Fri., Feb. 15—3:15-3:30 P.M.—Unlike suburbia, Manhattan Island does not suffer from a shortage of fall-out shelters . . . so says **Stuart Pittman**, Assistant Secretary of Defense for Civil Defense: A sobering survival seminar.

TED STEELE—Mon., Feb. 18—3:15-4:00 P.M.—Teen idol **Tommy Sands**, Sinatra's son-in-law, bypasses comment on singers and singing and explains why he wants to concentrate on serious acting.

BOB MAXWELL—Tues., Feb. 19, 4:15-6:00 P.M.—"Goodnatured, happy-go-lucky, smiling" **Casey Stengel** delivers some serious thoughts about his ball club—and why he decided to buy the Mets new mits this season. A lesson in optimism, water-off-a-duck's-backism and genuine good humor. A delightful conversation.

SPORTS

NEW YORK KNICKERBOCKERS BASKETBALL—Fri., Feb. 15—9:00 P.M.—Chicago Zephyrs at Chicago. **Sun.**, Feb. 17—air time is 4:00 P.M.—Cincinnati Royals at Madison Square Garden. **Tues.**, Feb. 19—8:30 P.M.—Detroit Pistons at the Garden. **Thurs.**, Feb. 21—air time is 8:15 P.M.—Cincinnati Royals at Cincinnati. **Marty Glickman's** accurate fast play-by-play.

NEW YORK RANGERS HOCKEY—**Sun.**, Feb. 17—7:00 P.M.—Toronto Maple Leafs at Madison Square Garden. **Wed.**, Feb. 20, 7:30 P.M.—Boston Bruins at the Garden. **Jim Gordon** describes the action.

MUSIC

ISRAEL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—**Sun.**, Feb. 17—2:05 P.M. (While the N. Y. Philharmonic tours England) **Weber's** Overture to "Der Freischütz"; **Haydn's** Symphony No. 94 in G major, "Surprise"; "Capriccio" for Piano and Orchestra by **Paul Ben Haim**. Soloist is **Prima Salzman**—pianist. **Carlo Maria Giulini** conducts.

MUSIC 'TIL DAWN—11:30 P.M.—5:30 A.M. Monday through Saturday. **Thurs.**, Feb. 21—3:15 A.M. Respighi's "Feste Romane"; **Lendon** Symphony conducted by **Eugene Goossens**. **Sat.**, Feb. 23—3:25 A.M. Beethoven's "Archduke Trio", as played by **Rubinstein, Heifetz, and Feuer-**

EVERYTHING

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to our country's conscience just because it looks funny to see Protestants, Jews and Catholics-sitting down at the same table?

(THE REV.) JOHN LAFARGE, S.J., Associate Editor

Interview
New York City

Sir—Stringfellow ("the most practical thing to do now is weep") and Campbell ("it is too late to establish harmonious relationships between the races") were but two of about 15 scheduled speakers in the four days of the meeting. Their pessimism was so far from being the dominant note that Mr. Stringfellow was loudly converted in the auditorium and widely denounced in the corridors, while Mr. Campbell, so far as I could see, was ignored.

The real keynoter was Dr. Abraham J. Heschel, whose book you review on the same page but whose thumping paper at the conference you ignore. Dr. Heschel recalled an earlier conference on religion and race, that between Moses and Pharaoh, and predicted an equally happy outcome for this one. His prediction, I feel certain, will be borne out in the long-term fruits of this historic meeting.

I am thankful that Time was not around to throw cold water on William Lloyd Garrison and his fellow abolitionists

RICHARD P. GREENLEAF

Marion, Ind.

Sir—

I write you as a white man who pastored five years for an all-Negro church and two years in a racially inclusive congregation. I'd hate to think that the best hope we have to offer our people is the philosophy of the Rev. Will D. Campbell.

(THE REV.) P. EDGAR WILLIAMS

First Church of God
Chicago

Return to Humanism

Sir—

It was heartening to see the cover-story on Architect-Humanist Yamasaki [Jan. 18]. I speak for myself as an industrial designer when I confess that for some time I was in considerable fear that the American architects were rapidly erecting not structures to be inhabited by man but, on the contrary, horrifyingly functional (and economical) glass and aluminum cages, spreading across the U.S.A. like an uncontrollable cancer.

Happily, and perhaps influenced by the philosophies of the Yamasaki of our era, there appears to be a gentle but firm return to sanity and sensitivity in our total approach to designing for the human being, both in the art of the structure that envelops man and in the art of those objects that man uses within that structure.

DAVID K. MUNRO
Fullbright Lecturer

Chulalongkorn University
Bangkok, Thailand

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ART DIRECTION

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Bernhard M. Auer

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A letter from
the
PUBLISHER

Bernard M. Auer

IN the coming weeks and months, U.S. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara can expect to find in his mail a steady supply of letters from *TIME* readers around the world, and a considerable number of them will send along this week's cover requesting his autograph. This has long been the experience of *TIME* cover subjects, who find the number of autograph-seekers growing. United Nations Ambassador Adlai Stevenson (Dec. 14) has already sent off a stack of autographed covers to such countries as Iran, West Germany, India and France, as well as to places all across the U.S., and has more on his desk awaiting his signature: Architect Minoru Yamasaki (Jan. 18) has heard from as far away as Rangoon and Kenya.

Among the autograph seekers are quite a number of serious collectors, of whom the champion is Retired U.S. Army Colonel Robert F. Carter, 63, of Topsham, Me. (*TIME*, May 4, 1969), who now has 1,100 autographed *TIME* covers. Colonel Carter, who has all but 40 of the more than 2,000 issues of *TIME* published since the first one dated March 3, 1923, plans to have his collection carried on to March 3, 2023. *TIME*'s 100th anniversary. He plans in his will to provide that the collection be sold, and the proceeds given to charity.

Onto TIME's own mail desk recently dropped a letter from a reader who, while granting that he can never catch up with [Colonel] Carter, aims to become the leading collector of autographed TIME covers outside the U.S. He is Randall Salas, a slim, 17-year-old high-school senior in Caracas, Venezuela. Randall, who was born in Curaçao and speaks English, Spanish, Dutch and Papiamentu (a Caribbean lingua franca), started his collection only in 1959. But he had a head start: his father, an insurance broker, has been reading TIME since 1935, and had saved many back copies.



COLLECTOR RANDALL SALAS

Randall now has 402 covers signed by subjects, among them Konrad Adenauer, Moise Tshombe, U.S. Astronaut Alan Shepard and Soviet Cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin. Marilyn Monroe (who signed in red ink), J. Paul Getty (who signed in black), and Tibet's Dalai Lama. Some of the signers send more than their autograph: John F. Kennedy enclosed an autographed picture with one of the two covers he signed; Abdul Karim Kassem (whose signature is a collector's item now) sent a copy of a speech he had just made; J. Edgar Hoover added some FBI pamphlets, and Soviet Defense Minister Malinovsky scribbled some propaganda right on his face: "We struggle for peace all over the world."

Even some of the few who refused have added nuggets to Randall's correspondence. When Admiral Hyman Rickover's secretary replied that the admiral never signed his name for anyone he did not know personally, Randall wrote right back, sending along a photograph of himself. (It didn't work.) He has kind notes from representatives of Jackie Kennedy, Charles de Gaulle, Albert Schweitzer and Winston Churchill saying that they are simply too busy to send autographs. When he tried to get Caryl Chessman's signature, however, he got only a steely note from an assistant warden of San Quentin saying that prisoners were not permitted to give autographs.

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"...the water crisis is not something to be feared for the future. It is here now."

U. S. Senate Committee on National Water Resources



Dallas, Texas, "just one jump ahead of water disaster—or one jump behind"—until it went to work.

DALLAS—THE CITY THAT DECIDED

As they raised their eyes from dust clouds puffing around their feet to cloudless skies, people in the Southwest wondered if there'd ever be enough rain again.

It was 1953—second year of a drought that had four more years to go—and Dallas faced the most serious water crisis it had known in a long history of water shortages. Lake Dallas, the city's main water source, was rimmed by cracked earth that was once the lake bottom. Fishing camps once at water's edge were far from shore.

New lakes, tripling Dallas' storage, were empty. War-time restrictions had delayed their completion until after the drought began.

In the city, lawns dried, then died, as sprinkling was curtailed. Extra firemen and equipment rushed from one brush fire to the next.

To get water—any kind of water—Dallas went fifty miles north to the Red River. The supply was adequate for the emergency—but the water was salty and hard. Even after treatment, the taste of salt remained. And Red River water was as mean as it tasted. It ate through

water heaters and pipes. Car radiators were replaced at four times the normal rate. Shrubs died of poisoning.

Dallas tapped into old wells to get better drinking water. Even so, pure mountain well water trucked into stores sold for fifty cents a carton.

In 1954 Dallas made a further study of water needs and resources—one that went far beyond the immediate problem and looked at the entire Dallas metropolitan area in the year 2000.

From this came the Dallas Water Plan, which provides water growth faster than projected metropolitan area growth. Unless there is a drought far worse than any the city has ever experienced, the entire area will have an abundance of water for the next fifty years.

The price—nearly 150 million dollars. This will buy lakes and dams to store water; pipelines and pumping stations to get it to the city. It will buy purifying facilities and sewage systems to reduce downstream pollution. The people of Dallas are paying the cost—through a rise in water rates averaging 34%. They pay willingly because the increase is actually an investment. They know



Lake Dallas, city's principal water source in early fifties, shown during drought. Even before the drought, the heavily silted reservoir was being enlarged by building another dam downstream. But lack of rain brought on a water crisis.



The old dam, now useless, sits in the middle of a greatly enlarged Lake Dallas—renamed Garza-Little Elm Reservoir. But its capacity is still too small for the growing city. Added sources, some now completed, will triple the water available.

NOT TO DIE OF THIRST

the cost of water shortage is at least as great as the cost of water development.

Looking at it another way, Dallas really is buying more than water development alone. The assurance of abundant water provides growth for industry and more jobs for Dallas residents. It also attracts new industry and employment.

Water shortages are not restricted geographically. The facts are shocking. In a recent year of subnormal rainfall, one quarter of our nation was rationed for water. Shortages exist even in areas where rainfall is abundant, for there water is often shamelessly polluted. Yet, by 1980, we'll need twice the water we're using today. Our margin of safety grows thinner daily.

Will there be a water crisis where you live? Or will you do something about it before it happens? To better

understand the nationwide water problem, we urge you to send for a copy of our book, "Water Crisis, U.S.A." For your free copy—write Department O, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.



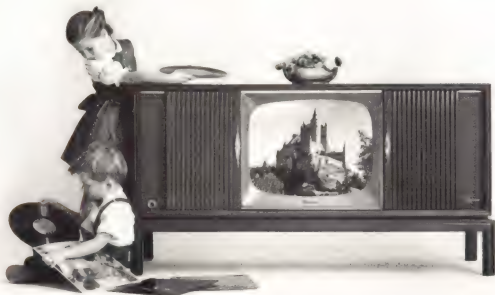
50¢ a carton for drinking water! Never again in Dallas. The city now has adequate water and a master plan to provide water in quantity for years to come.

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THE NATION

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Trouble, Trouble, Trouble

A harried State Department official looked with dismay at a piece of paper on his desk. It was a list of 25 people he was supposed to call to talk about trouble brewing in another part of the world.

"My God," he muttered. "What a week!" Agreed a colleague who overheard him: "A nightmare!"

It was, indeed, that kind of week. There was trouble about Canada, trouble

of the U.S. statement, the White House passed word that the subject of Canada was not to be mentioned again until after April 8, election day.

Luckily there seemed to be powerful forces in Canada determined not to let Diefenbaker base his election campaign on anti-Americanism. But nobody could be happy with the manner of the U.S. intrusion, and President Kennedy was reportedly least happy of all.

Cuba, Castro is another topic that will not go away. The Kennedy Administration was stung by charges that it was reacting ineffectively to the Russian military presence in Cuba. New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating claimed that the Soviet's "medium-range missile sites" remain. South Carolina's Democratic Senator Strom Thurmond declared that upwards of 100 ballistic missiles "with a 1,100- to 2,200-mile range" were stored in "underground facilities" in Cuba. Indiana's Republican Representative Donald C. Bruce said that he had information about some 40 "offensive missiles" still in Cuba. At last, Kennedy ordered Defense Secretary Robert McNamara to deliver a national television report to refute the charges (see cover story). McNamara effectively rebutted most of his critics' most exaggerated charges, but his presentation also furnished dramatic proof that a sizable Soviet force remains in Cuba.

Europe. It is sometimes simpler to deal with an enemy than a friend. What was the U.S. to do with De Gaulle, who had ruthlessly but adroitly rejected U.S. proposals for a multilateral NATO nuclear force, vetoed Britain's entry into the Common Market, and persisted with his own *force de frappe*?

At first, the Administration's instinct was to treat De Gaulle on a tit-for-tat basis, trading insult for insult, injury for injury. That instinct was quickly and wisely restrained.

Next in the U.S. reaction was what was called the "empty-chair" approach. That would mean proceeding with plans for Atlantic partnership and European union as if De Gaulle's France were merely absent from the room. But there is one fatal flaw: France is not absent, and it is difficult to imagine any sort of economic, military or political plan for Western Europe that does not need, and must not seek to accommodate, France's presence.

So the next U.S. response was to light a match in the dark to inspect all its broken circuits with Europe. This involves seeking new points of contact and areas

of agreement that will satisfy De Gaulle while preserving the U.S. ideal of a strong and united Europe as part of the cold war alliance. To achieve this aim, the U.S. would certainly have to climb down off some major points of past policy, though there was little readiness to rush to lose De Gaulle's pardon or give him everything he demanded.

At the very least, the U.S. would have to cease in its insistence that De Gaulle give up his "crude" little independent nuclear force. One top French official



McGEORGE BUNDY
An oversized jolt.



DEAN RUSK
A limited apology.

about Cuba, and, by far the most serious in its potential consequences, trouble about Europe and the Atlantic alliance.

Canada. The downfall of Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's government was certainly no cause for White House tears; in its eyes, he had proved himself an evasive, uncooperative, often antagonistic ally. For years he had avoided meeting Canada's nuclear commitment under NATO. And, despite all kinds of agreements, said the U.S. State Department two weeks ago: "The Canadian government has not as yet proposed any arrangement sufficiently practical to contribute effectively to North American defense."

That statement was deliberately calculated to jolt Diefenbaker—but not nearly to the extent that it did. At least 20 officials, including Under Secretary George Ball, took part in its preparation, and at the White House it was approved by McGeorge Bundy, the President's special assistant for national security affairs. Once Secretary of State Dean Rusk (who had not seen it originally) had apologized for the tone—although not the substance—

accuses the U.S. of trying to "divide the world between nuclear barons and infantry serfs." The counter idea of a multinational NATO nuclear force with at least three powers holding keys—U.S., Britain and France—seemed not to interest France much. De Gaulle knows full well that in the end the U.S. has no choice but to defend France against Soviet attack. That axiomatic umbrella of protection gives De Gaulle vast flexibility for action—and for troublemaking. The U.S. would also have to cease treating De Gaulle as a junior partner in the alliance. "It is intolerable for a great state," De Gaulle said not long ago, "that her fate be left to the decisions and actions of another great state." There is an arguable French case and in Paris these days it is argued well.

So far, there is little evidence that the U.S. has reconciled itself to an agonizing reappraisal. As so often before, the New Frontier has reacted on an *ad hoc* basis, and seems less sure of the future ramifications of U.S. actions than De Gaulle is of his. The Atlantic alliance still lives, but needs imaginative repair.

DEFENSE

The Dilemma & the Design

(See Cover)

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara stood at complete and unimpaired ease behind the lectern on the stage of the State Department auditorium. In cool and well-punctuated sentences, with never an *uh* or an *er*, he recited fact after fact, figure after figure, in response to the blunt questions of newsmen.

McNamara's manner was that of a professor patiently explaining a simple matter to a slightly backward class. Yet his audience, over television, was the U.S. itself. And his mission, undertaken

onry, and what blame there was to be meted out did not belong to him. Nevertheless, since he has become the most powerful man in President Kennedy's Cabinet, only in the record and personality of McNamara, his policies in the present and his design for the future, can real understanding be reached of the angry words that last week swirled throughout the capitals of the Western Alliance.

That there could be any argument about his policies is a source of astonishment to McNamara. He is utterly convinced of the inevitability of his views. He believes that any problem can be solved by examination of the facts consideration of the available "options."



SECRETARY McNAMARA IN PENTAGON OFFICE
Examine the facts, consider the options—apply the logic.

at the specific order of President Kennedy, was to tell the nation about the state of Soviet military strength in Cuba. "In recent days," said McNamara, "questions have been raised in the press and elsewhere regarding the presence of offensive weapons systems in Cuba. I believe beyond any reasonable doubt that all such weapons systems have been removed from the island and none have been reintroduced."

His didactic task completed, McNamara returned to his huge desk in the Pentagon's E Ring. He had applied the tidest mind in Washington to clearing away the cobwebs of confusion about Cuba. And that, as far as he was concerned, was that.

Effective & Efficient. Despite McNamara's performance, the clamor over Cuba continued, and with good cause (see box). Nor is Cuba the only problem afflicting McNamara. For under Robert Stranre McNamara, 46, perhaps the most efficient, effective Defense Secretary the U.S. has ever had, the role of U.S. weaponry in the defense of the free world and the roles allotted to its allies have become a subject of deep dispute. At some points, the questions turned on diplomacy, not weap-

and application of logical decisions. His computer machines and his cost-performance analyses are legend in Washington. Like no Defense Secretary before him, he has seized control of the Pentagon. Military leaders can offer advice, but McNamara makes the decisions (it is curiously significant of McNamara's Pentagon that aides recently were able to count up the number of major decisions he had made in the previous month and produce the precise figure of 629). No item, right down to the number of beds to be installed in an Air Force hospital, is too trivial for his attention. Yet not even his critics argue that he bogs down in detail.

New Shape, New Strategy. In the two years since he left the presidency of Ford Motor Co. to take over the Pentagon, McNamara has changed the whole size and shape of the U.S. defense establishment—and its grand strategic design. The price for such progress is an increase of \$8.4 billion over the last Eisenhower defense budget. Items:

► McNamara has built up the U.S. capability to fight nonnuclear war. The Army now has 16 combat divisions instead of

eleven, the Air Force has 21 tactical wings instead of 16, the Marine Corps has been increased by 15,000 men to a force of 190,000. To fight guerrilla actions, the Army's Special Forces has been tripled to 5,600 men. The Air Force's F-105 fighter-bomber, previously valued for its nuclear firepower, is being modified to carry conventional weapons as well.

► McNamara has immensely speeded up the building and placement of nuclear-armed missiles in hardened sites and elusive submarines, where they can survive an enemy attack and hit back. The first 30 fast-firing, solid-fueled Minuteman missiles are now operational, a year ahead of schedule, in protected underground silos in Montana. By 1966 some 950 will be ready to fire. Nine Polaris submarines, each carrying 16 missiles that can be fired from beneath the sea and reach the Soviet heartland, now patrol the North Atlantic. By 1966 there will be at least 30 Polaris subs. The U.S., with an estimated 50,000 nuclear warheads and bombs, has enough nuclear material to wipe out the Soviet Union several times over.

► McNamara has presided over a fundamental reorganization of the armed services to increase efficiency and save money. Where top Pentagon officials formerly had to wade through as many as eleven separate—and often conflicting—intelligence reports from the services daily, they now get a single, four-page summary from the unified Defense Intelligence Agency. Millions of dollars have been saved on items ranging from belt buckles to bloomers by the creation of a single Defense Supply Agency. Instead of the charming, old-fashioned practice of trying to cut up the defense budget pie more or less equally among the services, McNamara now huddles by function, cutting across service lines to provide funds for Strategic Retaliatory Forces, Continental Air and Missile Defense Forces, General Purpose Forces, Airlift and Sealift Forces, Reserve and National Guard Forces. Over anguished protests, he is pushing ahead with a reorganization of the National Guard and Army Reserve, including the elimination of 1,850 units. He has ordered nearly 100 military installations shut down, including many overseas.

While plunging into such specifics, McNamara never lets them blur the end purpose of his cold war strategy. That strategy was explained to Congress fortnight ago in a 198-page report that House Armed Forces Committee Chairman Carl Vinson, who has fought some McNamara policies, described as "one of the most significant documents ever presented to Congress."

Facing Facts. McNamara's strategy reflects his willingness to face fearful facts and counter them with his own cold logic. The U.S., contends McNamara, has a definite nuclear superiority over the Soviet Union (soon after taking office he impolitically dismissed the "missile gap" that Kennedy campaigned on in 1960). McNamara intends to maintain the advantage. Even if the Russians were to launch a surprise nuclear attack, the U.S., with its hardened missiles and its strategy

THE HARDENING SOVIET BASE IN CUBA

THE rumors and accusations about the massive Soviet buildup in Castro's Cuba had to be answered. New York's Republican Senator Kenneth Keating vowed to eat his hat if his charges were not right. And it was to force such critics as Keating to a diet of fried fedora that President Kennedy last week ordered Defense Secretary McNamara and CIA Chief John McCone to an unprecedented public report on the state of Cuba's military strength. Never before had a nation displayed in such detail its secrets of intelligence-gathering over an unfriendly country.

In two hours over national TV, John Hughes, special assistant to the chief of the Defense Department's intelligence service, used a photographic memory and a wand-like pointer to explain blow-ups of more than 65 aerial pictures daringly taken over Cuba since last August. As flashed onto a 20-ft.-wide screen the photographs, some of them in color, told an intensely dramatic story.

They showed how, after Khrushchev's backdown, the Soviet Union's "offensive" missiles and bombers were, stage by stage, dismantled, crated, hauled to Cuban ports, loaded onto freighters and shipped back toward Russia.

The Pentagon's exposition refuted beyond reasonable doubt the hysterically high estimates (up to 70,000) of Soviet military manpower in Cuba; McNamara also plucked to pieces the notion that the Russians have kept in Cuba all sorts of missiles capable of carrying nuclear devastation to the U.S. homeland.

But in the very thoroughness of McNamara's presentation there was positive evidence of a chilling fact: no matter that the Russians have removed their medium- and long-range nuclear missiles from Cuba, no matter that they

have taken away their IL-28 bombers—they still have impressive military strength in Cuba.

The visual evidence of the Soviet withdrawal of long-range weapons was overwhelmingly convincing. But also shown were photographs taken in the reconnaissance flights that have continued since. And they gave the U.S. small cause for comfort.

As of now, Cuba is heavily ringed with conventional antiaircraft batteries. There are at least 24 emplacements of Russian ground-to-air missiles, the SA-2, with a capability of reaching 80,000 ft. into the sky. There are more than 100 MIG fighters, including at least 42 MIG-21s able to carry atomic weapons for short ranges at speeds of better than 1,000 m.p.h. Castro's Cuba also now has at least twelve "Komar" patrol boats armed with 10- to 15-nautical-mi.-range missiles that can carry atomic warheads.

Aside from all that, there are at least 17,000 Russians in Cuba. The Kennedy Administration makes a great point that this represents a decrease from the peak strength of about 22,000 reached last October; hardly mentioned is the fact that the 5,000 who left were specialists sent to handle the medium- and long-range missiles that Khrushchev pulled out.

Of the Russians who remain, about 5,000 are organized in four battalion-strength combat units—highly mobile armored task groups with assault guns, the latest T-54 tanks, tactical rocket launchers, ground-to-ground missile transporters and launchers, and anti-tank weapons including a new-type rocket called the Snapper.

Beyond these elite combat outfits, the other 12,000 Russians in Cuba man ground-to-air missile sites, service fighter planes, maintain communications, instruct Castro's native troops, etc.

What is the possible purpose of such a Soviet establishment in Cuba? As both President Kennedy and Secretary McNamara insisted last week, it is certainly far too small to be regarded as an offensive threat against the U.S. mainland. But from Russia's viewpoint it has other advantages.

Obviously, it makes any invasion of Cuba a tremendously difficult matter—not only because of the strength it adds to Castro's armament, but because of the possibility that an invasion might involve a major shooting war between U.S. and Russian troops. The Soviet force also frees at least some of Castro's Cubans for subversive and aggressive adventures throughout Latin America.

Most important, the Soviets, by reason of their military presence, have truly effective control over Cuba. If, for example, Fidel himself became expendable,



McNAMARA AT TV BRIEFING

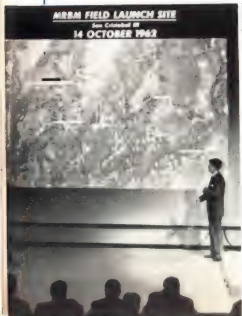
ble, the Russians could easily do away with him and install someone of their own choice. And the Soviet presence makes immensely less likely the chance for any successful internal uprising of Cubans against Castro.

There comes the real rub. It was in that context that President Kennedy at his press conference last week referred to the Russians in Cuba as, in a sense, "police units." Yet present U.S. policy toward Cuba is, in the words of one top Administration official, "not containment; it's getting rid of Castro." The U.S. intends to keep on applying all the economic and political pressures it can. It also counts on increasing disaffection among the Cubans themselves, based on their lack of food and their lack of liberty.

The logic of this policy is that at some point the Cubans will rise against Castro. What if this were to happen? Is the U.S. really ready to go to their aid—even at the expense of undertaking military action against the Cuba-based Russians? During the Kennedy-Khrushchev dialogue that arose in the October crisis, the President warned that the U.S. would not tolerate a Budapest in Cuba. What he meant was that the U.S. would intervene if Russia attempted to put down, as it did in Hungary, a Cuban revolt against Castro.

Probably the first U.S. response would be diplomatic: to persuade the Russians of the advantages of pulling out and the risks of staying. (The Soviet-U.S. duel over Cuba currently goes on under strange rules: the U.S. tolerates Soviet antiaircraft weapons, which in turn do not fire on low-flying U.S. reconnaissance planes.) But a real uprising in Cuba would not be like a Bay of Pigs invasion financed from abroad. It would be a cry for help which the U.S. could not afford to ignore.

HUGHES DESCRIBING PHOTOS





JUNGLE TRAINING FOR G.I.s IN PANAMA
In the era of mutual deterrence...

Air Command bombers—half of them now on 15-minute alert—could strike back and destroy the Soviet Union. But, reasons McNamara, as Russia builds up its own hard-site missile bases and missile-firing submarines, as it is now doing, the U.S. could "double and triple" its present force and still not be able to knock out all the Soviet weapons. Thus, "regardless of how large or what kind of strategic forces we build... we could not preclude casualties counted in the tens of millions."

To McNamara, such a "balance of terror" should constitute a "mutual deterrent" against war. Even if nuclear war were to explode, McNamara has a theory that it might be limited. To achieve this, he would in effect hold Soviet cities as hostages. That is, he would have the U.S. first respond to attack by striking only at Soviet missile sites and military installations; he would then serve an ultimatum to the enemy to quit shooting or suffer destruction of its cities.

McNamara is fully aware of the imponderables in the theory. "The Soviet leaders always say that they would strike

at the entire complex of our military power, including Government and production centers, meaning our cities," he concedes. "If they were to do so, we would, of course, have no alternative but to retaliate in kind. But we have no way of knowing whether they would actually do so. It would certainly be in their interest as well as ours to try to limit the terrible consequences of a nuclear exchange. Whether they would accept it [the alternative of trying to win without striking cities] in the crisis of a global nuclear war, no one can say. Considering what is at stake, we believe it is worth the additional effort on our part to have this option."

The shift in strategic thinking under McNamara boils down to an increased flexibility in how the U.S. might respond to whatever an enemy does. From nuclear warfare down to a jungle skirmish, it provides for McNamara's insistence upon "options." Under Eisenhower, the basic reliance was upon total nuclear retaliation.

McNamara presents his theories in a manner that others find not easy to argue with, for he has in his head all the facts and figures that led to the formulation of policy.* Every argument has been neatly organized, every problem "quantified," every solution tucked into a compartment to await its proper time to be applied. McNamara's speech bristles with the non-sensical language of "controlled response," "second-strike capability" and "counterforce." Yet, despite the difficulty of refuting it, his strategy is highly controversial—and, despite his considerable abilities, Robert McNamara is a highly controversial Secretary of Defense.

Rapid or Right? McNamara's critics are legion; they can be found in the Pentagon, the Congress and in foreign capitals. His love of computers, and his own computerlike mind, have led to the bitter quip that IBM really stands for "I, Bob McNamara." Complains a top general: "He's one of the most egotistical persons I know. It never dawns on him

that he might get more help from the military. He doesn't take our advice." Another military official contends that he has "tremendous intellectual arrogance." Says a former civilian aide: "He will listen, but unless the discussion is in line with his preconceived ideas, he listens very impatiently. He constantly gives the impression of preferring to be rapid rather than right." Says an admiral who is critical of McNamara's monopoly of Pentagon authority: "The concentration of detailed decisions at the top tends to build the idea of the indispensable man at the top. And it tends to destroy the initiative of people down below."

Air Force brass, who find it harder than in the past to get their views out to the public, privately argue that McNamara, in his emphasis on conventional ground forces backed by strategic missile might, is playing a dangerous game with national security. They say that in his refusal to provide more than prototype funds for the RS-70 reconnaissance bomber, McNamara is sentencing the manned bomber to death. McNamara in fact does believe that the manned bomber will be obsolete by the 1970s, and all his projected force plans reflect that conviction.

Other critics can see no difference between "mutual deterrence" and a "no win" cold war policy that simply accepts "nuclear stalemate." The idea that a thermo-nuclear war might be fought without either the U.S. or Russia striking the other's cities is considered by many to be nonsense. Among the doubters is Princeton University's Oskar Morgenstern, whose 1959 book, *The Question of National Defense*, was one of the first works McNamara read when he took over the Pentagon. Although he admires McNamara and most of his policies, Morgenstern wonders how the U.S. could confine its attack to military targets. "Do we even know these targets, considering our generally very poor record of intelligence? We did not know early enough about the buildup in Cuba. How could we possibly know where all the Russian bases are, when the Soviet Union is so much larger than Cuba, and infinitely more complicated?"

Such criticism, from within and outside the Pentagon, perplexes Robert McNamara. But it does not persuade him to change his mind. Conviction of his correctness, or at least of the correctness of the answers that his methods will produce,



MINUTEMAN MISSILE



MISSILE CRUISER

* When he testified last week before a House subcommittee, two Republican Congressmen made side bets on whether McNamara could be asked something he couldn't answer. Melvin R. Laird of Wisconsin owes William Minshall of Ohio a lunch because McNamara precisely pinpointed a section of the Nassau Pact that Laird thought he might not know.

is a McNamara strength. "His greatest weakness," says a longtime associate, "is his failure to understand the impact of logical decisions on human beings." An ally's feelings of its own nationalistic pride, a neighbor nation's sense of envy, a friendly leader's misgivings about future U.S. intentions, are factors that must influence U.S. policy, even though they cannot be run through a Univac 1107. And it is the failure to take them sufficiently into account that has involved the Kennedy Administration in its present troubles with its allies. It could be argued that the diplomatic niceties are not McNamara's affair, but it is not an excuse that McNamara himself makes. He is deeply involved in it all.

The NATO alliance, stretching from Nome to Mount Ararat in Turkey, is like nothing else in history—a treaty pledge by 15 nations that an attack on one is an attack on all. Its strength lies in U.S. atomic power, the so-called nuclear umbrella that would protect all NATO members. In Europe, where the wisecrack at the time of NATO's creation was that all the Russian army needed to reach the English Channel was shoes, the theory was that a conventional force of ground troops would serve as a "shield" to fend off any initial Soviet attack in Europe until the U.S. could unleash its nuclear retaliation on Russia itself.

From Shield to Trip Wire. Europe felt safe enough to rebuild itself, and its leaders (even De Gaulle on occasion) expressed their gratitude. But NATO required steady exertion and expense, and when NATO nations failed to supply the promised manpower, the shield was called a "trip wire" which would merely sound the alarm that would set off the U.S. nuclear punch. In 1958, the NATO troops were given nuclear artillery and intermediate-range nuclear missiles. The U.S., under the 1946 McMahon atomic energy act, insisted that it retain control of all nuclear warheads. The McMahon Act was passed at a time when the U.S. had secrets it thought the Russians did not know, and when it had reason to question the security practices of both Britain and France.

Finally, after prolonged controversy, Congress permitted a special nuclear arrangement with Great Britain. France was excluded—a fact that made De Gaulle all the more determined to develop his own *force de frappe*. The U.S. was disapprov-

ing, and McNamara himself made a speech deploring the "proliferation" of nuclear powers and vowing he would have no part of it. It was hard for Europeans to understand why an ally should be denied secrets that a common enemy already knew.

Part of the U.S.-British deal was a U.S. offer to develop and sell to Britain at discount prices a nuclear-armed, 1,000-mile, air-launched missile named Skybolt. But late last year Skybolt was churned through McNamara's cost-performance computers and found wanting: as a weapon, McNamara decided, Skybolt was simply not worth the money and effort. His decision made, McNamara flew off to London to tell British Defense Minister Peter Thorneycroft the bad news. McNamara had not reckoned on the reaction. Harold Macmillan's Tory government was already on shaky political ground; its Labor opposition was always easily stirred on nuclear matters, and Macmillan and Britain had based all their long-range nuclear hopes on Skybolt. McNamara's cancellation of the Skybolt project met with furious British protests.

Still unshaken and unshakable, McNamara returned to the U.S., went vacationing in California's High Sierras ("You don't know the feeling you get when you're on top of a mountain"), hopeful that the storm would soon blow over. Instead, it grew worse. President Kennedy agreed to meet Macmillan at Nassau. Kennedy ordered McNamara back from vacation to attend the sessions, which Secretary of State Dean Rusk did not.

At the Nassau meetings, Harold Macmillan convinced Kennedy that he simply could not afford to go home empty-handed. But what to give him? Neither Kennedy nor McNamara had any real plan, but they swiftly hammered one out. Under it, the U.S. offered to sell Polaris missiles to Britain (program's eventual cost: about \$1 billion), which Britain would place under a new NATO nuclear command but could withdraw for its own use under certain unlikely circumstances.

Robert McNamara, appearing later before a congressional committee, declared his belief that "time will show the Nassau Pact to be a major milestone in the long march to a truly interdependent Atlantic alliance." Perhaps. But not yet. The Nassau Pact suffers from improvisation

and imprecision. McNamara did not even tell the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff that the pact was about to be made. Said one chief: "The first I knew about it was when I read it in my newspaper." Under the plan, missile-bearing Polaris submarines probably will have multinational crews. West Germany, Italy, Belgium and Turkey have already indicated their willingness to participate, although they have not yet been told how much of the expense they will have to bear. The British promise to assign some 150 of their Vulcan bombers to NATO's new nuclear command, and the U.S. probably will contribute some SAC planes. But there are many sticky details still to be worked out. Who, for example, will turn the firing keys? And under what conditions? McNamara's Pentagon aides insist that there is plenty of time to iron out such details: after all, the NATO Polaris force will not come into existence for at least five years.

Cold Reply. But it is no mere detail that Europeans are being asked to man, and help underwrite, an expensive weapon



MCNAMARA ON VIET NAM INSPECTION TOUR
... nonnuclear capability.



SKYBOLT



POLARIS

that they will never be able to use on their own without U.S. say-so, West Germany may not mind such an arrangement, says Charles de Gaulle, since it brings it into nuclear politics. But France minds. De Gaulle rejected the subsequent Anglo-American invitation to join in the NATO nuclear command, and is going ahead more determinedly than ever to develop his own *force de frappe*. White House staffers profess surprise at De Gaulle's anger over Nassau. They say that the idea of the multilateral NATO command was devised deliberately to include France. Besides, Kennedy invited De Gaulle to visit him in Florida at De Gaulle's convenience either before or after Nassau, and was coldly told that De Gaulle had nothing to discuss with Kennedy.

Actually, U.S. defense planners still see no real military need for a new nuclear power in NATO, since the U.S. striking power is so great. Used to big numbers, they dismiss De Gaulle's force as being less than 2% of the striking power of U.S. missiles and aircraft. But at that, De Gaulle's Mirage IV and Etendard IV planes will carry 50-kiloton bombs—more than twice the power of the bomb that leveled Hiroshima. As part of McNamara's conviction that the manned bomber will soon be obsolete, De Gaulle's force will be out of date before it is active—but McNamara will find argument inside his own Pentagon on that point.

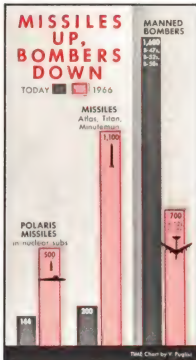
Phantoms & Shivers. McNamara also wants a buildup of NATO's ground forces from the present 24 divisions (which include 400,000 U.S. troops) to a programmed 30 divisions. "We must continue to do everything in our power to persuade our allies to meet their NATO goals," he says, and he means De Gaulle most of all. "Until these capabilities are achieved, the defense of Europe against an all-out Soviet attack, even if such an attack were limited to non-nuclear means, would require the use of tactical nuclear weapons on our part." McNamara also is striving to increase NATO's tactical airpower, has approved the purchase of more than 1,000 supersonic Phantom II fighters to be used by the Air Force.

The manner in which Europe responds to its own future defense may well decide the success or failure of McNamara's five-year plan. That plan includes Polaris submarines with advanced missiles that nearly double their striking range to 2,500 miles. And to close the range gap between the Polaris and the 350-mile Pershing tactical missiles, McNamara has ordered research on a new medium-range missile that can be fired either from surface ships or mobile ground launchers. Through improved airlift, U.S. troops will be able to move much more rapidly to the world's trouble spots. Sealford for amphibious operations will be increased, but the future of the fleet is in question. McNamara recently sent shivers throughout the entire Navy when he said: "The entire question of the cost and capability of the fleet in relation to the cost of defending it against air attack is still in need of a most thorough analysis."

McNamara gets that same glint in his

eye when he talks about the "intellectually challenging, but militarily useless, engineering tour de force" of military research and development. "Poor planning, unrealistic schedules, unnecessary design changes, and enormous cost increases over original estimates have continuously disrupted the efficient operation of our program," he told Congress. "We want to do our thinking before we start bending metal. Pencils and paper are a lot cheaper than the termination of programs."

To achieve his aims will require every bit of McNamara's brilliance and deli-



cation. His programs may run into political objections, at home and abroad, that compel compromises or retreats; if so, he expects to be in on the decisions. Along the way to his goals, he will injure plenty of feelings, but he has thought about that too. "I see my position here," he says, "as being that of a leader, not a judge. I'm here to originate and stimulate new ideas and programs, not just to referee arguments and harmonize interests." In his cramped, left-handed script he will continue to pepper his military leaders with incessant questions: "Why? How much? What are the alternatives?" He regrets the fact that those military leaders so often disagree with his decisions. Explains one close associate: "If there were time, he could do more in the way of complete explanation of every decision. He believes that these people are devoting themselves to the defense of the country and they'd understand. But if you don't have time and the nation's security is at stake or great sums of money are being wasted, you move ahead." And to Robert McNamara, moving ahead is just about everything.

TAXES

Who Wants a Tax Cut?

By 9:50 a.m., ten minutes before the grand opening, there was standing room only. What was it? A preview of John Wayne playing Hamlet? Or of Lia Taylor in *The Life of Liz Taylor*? No indeed. It was the start of the House Ways and Means Committee hearings on President Kennedy's tax program.

Punctually at 10 o'clock, Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, clad in befitting banker's grey, marched into the hearing room and, at the urging of newspaper photographers, shook hands and matched smile for smile with Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills. Once the hearing got under way, smiles faded from all faces.

Wary of Deficits. The "primary objective" of the Administration's tax-cutting program, Dillon began, "is to release our economy from the shackles of an overly repressive income tax rate structure so that it can move ahead to full-capacity utilization of its human and physical resources." No sooner had Dillon finished reading a 75-page prepared statement than Wisconsin's Congressman John W. Byrnes moved in to attack. Said Byrnes, top-ranking Republican on Ways and Means: "I believe there are two essential requisites for a tax reduction this year. First, there must be some willingness to tailor expenditures to the need for tax reduction and bring federal spending under control. So far, I have not seen any evidence of that willingness on the part of the Administration. Second, the greater part of the proposed structural reforms must be put in the deep freeze."

On Capitol Hill, the Byrnes view was more representative than Republican. For Kennedy's tax program is in dreadful legislative trouble. Congressmen are wary of the huge deficit that the program envisions—and the mail from home makes them even warier. Says one Congressman: "I haven't had a single letter favoring a tax cut." Says another: "My mail has been running 20 to 1 against the President's program."

Wary of Recession. On paper, the President's program would combine tax reduction with tax "reform." But there is a strong suspicion that President Kennedy really cares only about the reduction—and that mostly for political purposes. Says one White House aide candidly: "No Administration was ever voted out for running a deficit. But some have been voted out because of a recession." There is also the suspicion that Kennedy considers the reform proposals expendable, included them in his package program only as a sop to Ways and Means Chairman Mills, a longtime champion of real tax reform.

Republican Dillon, a convinced advocate of tax reform, attempted to still such unworthy suspicions. Tax reduction and tax reform, he said, are "inseparable" in the Administration package. The total yearly cost of the tax cuts, when fully in effect in 1965, would by Dillon's esti-

mate come to \$13.6 billion. The proposed structural revisions would recover some \$1.1 billion—for a net revenue loss of about \$70 billion. That, said Dillon, is "the maximum revenue loss that can safely be accepted."

Dillon's testimony did not satisfy the Congressmen—least of all Arkansas' Mills. He has long cherished the goal of drastically revising the income tax laws, combining deep rate cuts with a closing or narrowing of the tax code's numerous routes of tax avoidance. He wants a tax code that is cleaner, simpler, more equitable than the present tangle, and plainly is no admirer of the Administration package. It would cut the rates, all right, but its proposed reforms are skimpy, uneven and not very fair.

Mills will presumably draft his own tax bill. If he cannot push it through Congress, there may be no tax bill at all this year. "Wilbur may not be able to get the kind of bill he wants," says a member of Ways and Means. "But he can kill a bill he doesn't want."

THE PRESIDENCY

Nip-Ups, Anyone?

The challenge to the New Frontier was clear: If Republican Teddy Roosevelt could enforce physical fitness upon his staff, then why shouldn't Democrat Jack Kennedy do the same with McGeorge and Artie and even portly Pierre?

Kennedy's competitive instincts were aroused by an old T.R. order requiring that all Marine Corps company officers be able to march 20 miles in 20 hours, double-timing the last 700 yds. Marine Commandant David M. Shoup, a physical-fitness bug, had dug the order out of the corps files, sent it on to Kennedy as a curiosity. Replying to Shoup, History Buff Kennedy noted: "President Roosevelt laid down such requirements not



McCORMACK, GRAHAM & KENNEDY AT PRAYER BREAKFAST
For strength and power.

only for the officers of the Marine Corps but, when possible, for members of his own family, members of his staff and Cabinet, and even for unlucky foreign diplomats."

Kennedy suggested that Shoup see if the Marines of 1903 could match their counterparts of 1963. Shoup promptly promulgated plans for at least 20 officers at the Marine base at Camp Lejeune, N.C., to set out this week in dungarees, boots, helmets and 24-lb. packs on the 30-mile, 20-hr. hike. *Semper paratus*, one 40-year-old lieutenant colonel got off to a head start, cut 6½ hours off the time limit. Kennedy indicated that if the Marines passed their test he would do something about measuring the fitness of his rather sedentary White House staff. His interest seemed to focus on Press Secretary Pierre Salinger, who is best known as an indoor sport.

Asked by newsmen for comment, Salinger at first found the threat difficult to believe, but then pride took over: "I don't

want the impression to get around that this is a completely ludicrous proposition." After all, Salinger recalled, while in college he had twice competed in the cross-country run and each time managed to finish tenth in a field of eleven.

Just in case his boss should demand of him feats above and beyond the call of duty, Salinger went into training; he walked, rather than rode, the block-and-a-half from the White House to a luncheon date at the Hay-Adams Hotel.

Last week the President also:

- Sent to Congress a special message on mental health (see MEDICINE).
- Reappointed Democrat William McCleskey Martin, 56, to a fourth four-year term as chairman of the board of governors of the independent Federal Reserve System. Early in the Kennedy Administration, Martin's efforts to restrict banking credit clashed with Administration views that the U.S. money supply should be expanded to stimulate economic growth. But last week the President warmly lauded Martin for having "cooperated effectively with the economic policies of this Administration."
- Appeared with Evangelist Billy Graham, Vice President Johnson, and House Speaker John McCormack before more than 1,000 persons at the annual presidential prayer breakfast. The President recalled some Episcopal eloquence by "my fellow Bostonian," the Rev. Phillips Brooks (1835-93): "Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks."

THE CONGRESS

Filibuster's End

For nearly a month, the U.S. Senate has done nothing but filibuster about ending filibusters. Last week it came to an end—with an easily predictable result. On the key vote in the dispute about whether to amend the Senate's rules so as to make it easier to shorten debate, the anti-filibuster forces were ahead 54 to 42—but fell ten short of the two-thirds majority they needed. Now, presumably, the Senate could get down to business.



PORIPATETIC PIERRE
An indoor sport.



MARINES' SHOUP
Tough to the Corps.

COMMUNITIES

The Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore

"Everything is rosy in Rosebud," insists the official slogan of Rosebud, Texas—and the town newspaper proclaims it in each weekly issue. But Rosebud is really rotting. Along the main street, a dozen business places have shut up shop; the owners of many others would gladly sell out if there were any buyers around. A longtime Rosebud resident, Mrs. Howard Linn, recently showed a trace of the old "everything is rosy" spirit. "We've got a brand-new rest home," she said. "We've got two good hospitals. We've got two good funeral homes, one of them remodeled last year." Then she saw the drift of what she was saying. "Yes," she admitted. "It's a dead town. We know it."

Rosebud is just one among hundreds of similar towns, far across the U.S., the small town as such is dying. Only a few years ago, Niland, Calif., proudly called itself "The Winter Tomato Capital of the World." But Mexican growers, using cheap labor, invaded the U.S. winter tomato market, and Niland's prosperity collapsed. Since 1926 the number of tomato growers in the area has plunged from 300 to 28. Cars, trucks and farm equipment were abandoned by their owners, are now rusting into worthless junk. One of Niland's remaining tomato farmers recalls that during the peak of the season he used to put \$20,000 a week into the bank. Now, even the bank is closed.

Going Nowhere. The towns most vulnerable to devastating declines are those that, like Niland, depend upon a single basic source of income. The classic case is the mining community whose veins of ore play out. Although Arizona is booming, and the population of Phoenix has quadrupled during the past ten years, at the edge of the once bustling Arizona copper town of Jerome* stands a sign

proclaiming it a ghost town (*see cut*).

For many a little town across the U.S., the basic economic resource was the railroad. Competition from trucks has made short-haul, small-load freight uneconomic for railroads, and many small-town stops have been abandoned. The Central of Georgia used to stop at Coffee Springs, Ala., and the town made a living by ginning and shipping cotton. But the railroad ripped out the tracks that ran through Coffee Springs, and today weeds grow in what used to be busy streets. "We're going nowhere," says a longtime Coffee Springs resident. "There's nowhere we want to go." Similarly, the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad drastically curtailed service to New Ulm, Texas. The town, which once had 800 residents, now has only 350. Says George Miete, owner of a butcher shop: "Doctor died in 1950, haven't been able to get a replacement. Barber died three years ago. Can't get a new one to come in."

Still Breathing. Hard hit, too, are towns that depended on farming for their livelihood—selling goods to farmers and handling farm products on their way to urban markets. The emergence of large-scale, highly mechanized farming has decreased the number of farmers. And the ever expanding network of highways has made it possible for farm goods in trucks and farmers in automobiles to bypass formerly flourishing small towns.

There is life in some small towns yet. Attracted by the concentration of scientific and technical brains in the Boston area, the electronics industry has brought an economic revival to many Massachusetts towns stricken by loss of textile plants. The highways that cripple some small towns can help others; many a little town, rescued from decay by a new highway, now makes a living catering to motorists instead of farmers or miners. And highways often make it possible for residents of a small town to get to and from new jobs in another, larger town. A few years ago, Adams, Mass., appeared to be doomed by loss of textile mills, but enough townsmen found jobs at the Gen-

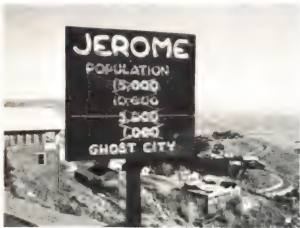
eral Electric plant in Pittsfield, 14 miles away, to keep Adams alive.

Thinking Big. Sometimes civic leadership and gung-ho spirit revive a dying place. The population of Clarksville, Mo., declined from 500 in 1940 to 338 in 1960. The town had no doctor or dentist. Three out of every four youngsters in each new crop of high school graduates departed for more promising places. But under the leadership of a local automobile dealer, Milton Duvall, a group of townspeople formed a development corporation with capital of \$132,000. Its first project was a \$50,000 medical center; dedicated in mid-1961, it quickly attracted a doctor and a dentist. Since then Clarksville has started building an industrial park, improved its transportation facilities and its water supply. Today a \$300,000 clothing plant is under construction, several small businesses have opened, and the population has grown to more than 900.

Such bootstrap improvement is not always possible, for many towns are simply too small, too poor, and too far gone. As some experts see it, the answer is for small towns to join together in larger economic and administrative units. Working together, several neighboring small towns could provide schools and other public facilities that they could not otherwise afford; instead of competing with one another for new industries, they could work out joint development plans.

One way or another, whether they wither away, become dormitories in suburbia or merge with neighboring communities, the small towns of old are vanishing, and with them will vanish one dimension of the nation's life. The small town had its defects as a place to live in, and urban Americans who know it only from the pages of Sinclair Lewis, Sherwood Anderson and other look-back-in-disgust fictioners are likely to think of the small town only as narrow, ingrown, stunting. But for many, life there had its compensations—countryside within walking distance, acquaintances rather than hurrying strangers on the streets, and a serenity that city dwellers cannot even imagine.

* Named after a 19th-century New York financier, Eugene Jerome, whose cousin Jennie was the mother of Winston Churchill.



ARIZONA'S JEROME



Texas' ROSEBUD

And a couple of good funeral homes.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Diefenbaker's Shambles

Prime Minister John Diefenbaker's government and his Conservative Party lay in shambles. Triggered by a bluntly undiplomatic U.S. note accusing Canada of renegeing on its nuclear defense commitments, a rebellious Parliament shot down Diefenbaker's minority government on a vote of no confidence. And then, as he faced an election on April 8, several of Diefenbaker's key Cabinet ministers and some of his staunchest supporters turned against him.

Unresigned. In a shattering political week, Diefenbaker struggled desperately to save himself. Yet at every turn, his own inability to make a firm decision, either about nuclear weapons or even politics, worked against him. After two years of patient argument, Defense Minister Douglas Harkness made one last effort to get Diefenbaker to honor Canada's three-year-old commitment to arm Canadian planes and missiles with U.S. nuclear weapons. Once again, Diefenbaker refused. Exasperated beyond endurance, Harkness resigned. It was, he said, "a matter of principle."

Hacked by a "Diefenbaker, resign" editorial in the pro-Conservative Toronto Globe and Mail, Trade Minister George Hees led a second palace revolt. Going to Diefenbaker's Ottawa home, Hees asked him face to face to resign for the good of Canada and the party. Stung to tears, Diefenbaker refused, and set out to rally his strength. Loyal supporters whipped up the prairie-province backbench M.P.s, and there were cheers as Diefenbaker entered the House of Commons to answer no-confidence motions brought by the opposition Liberals of Lester B. Pearson and the funny-money Social Crediters. In a fighting speech, Diefenbaker lashed the Liberals and tried to get the Social Crediters to change their mind by offering to meet their conditions. But it was no use. In the final tally, 44 out of 46 minor party M.P.s. joined with 98 Liberals to vote down Diefenbaker and his 105 Conservatives.

Party Asunder. At that, another Conservative newspaper turned against Diefenbaker. Snapped the Toronto Telegram: "This man cannot expect again to lead his country." At a stormy party caucus, Trade Minister Hees once more urged Diefenbaker to resign, demanded at the very least a promise that Diefenbaker would not campaign on a platform of destructive anti-Americanism. Diefenbaker seemed to agree, but then in his first TV speech, he angered the Cabinet rebels all over again with statements about "loss of sovereignty" and "domination."

For Hees and Acting Defense Minister Pierre Sévigny, there was only one course. Both men resigned. John Diefenbaker's party was torn asunder; his government had not been able to pass a single major piece of legislation in eight months in



LIBERAL LEADER PEARSON
A better chance.

office; some of his most powerful Cabinet members would, in effect, be campaigning against him. It was hard to see how his party could conduct a coherent campaign.

Lester Pearson kicked off the Liberal campaign by announcing, "The people will now have a chance to replace this government with one which I feel confident will do a better job." As of last week, Pearson's chances were looking up.

NICARAGUA

Evolutionary Election

After 26 years of firm Somoza family rule, Nicaragua had someone with a different name at the head of its government last week. In much-heralded "free elections," Luis Somoza, 40, and Anastasio ("Tachito") Somoza Jr., 38, the two brothers who took over the small Central American country in 1956 after the assassination of their father, stuck to their promise that no Somoza would appear on the ballot. But the boys will have a friend in the palace. Elected President by a landslide was former Foreign Minister René Schick, 53, hand-picked choice of the Somozas' Nationalist Liberal Party.

The opposition loudly cried fraud, said that the ballot boxes were stuffed before the polls opened, that the government had printed thousands of duplicate registration cards. In the new regime, Luis Somoza will sit in the Somoza-dominated Senate, though Tachito will still command the national guard, and the only genuine opposition will have no voice in the legislature. Nevertheless, the U.S. chose to regard the election as a small evolutionary step toward representative democracy. In recent years the Somozas have instituted a few tentative reforms, have even permitted the opposition press to have its say. To encourage all concerned, U.S. diplomats let President-elect Schick know that he would be welcome if he wanted to pay an informal visit to Washington.

THE AMERICAS

Alliance in Danger

In conceiving of the Alliance for Progress as a bold ten-year program to develop Latin America, planners counted on massive U.S. Government aid—but also on at least \$300 million a year in direct U.S. private investment. Instead of plunging in, U.S. investors are pulling out of Latin America: in the first nine months of 1962 brought home \$37 million more than they invested. From three sources last week came ringing indictments of the Alliance and its failure to generate any enthusiasm among businessmen.

Profits Low, Risks High. The first indictment came from the 26-man Commerce Committee for the Alliance for Progress (COMAP) appointed by Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges to make a businesslike appraisal of the program. Reported COMAP's Chairman J. Peter Grace, 49, international-minded president of W. R. Grace & Co., the Alliance "in its present size and form cannot succeed." Investors are frightened away by the "unfavorable business climate" in Latin America. Profits are low, risks high. The U.S., continued Grace, should adopt a "carrot-and-stick approach," with grants and loans to encourage Latin Americans to enact laws more hospitable to private investment. The committee recommended greater tax incentives and deductions as a cushion against heavy losses. Even then, concluded Grace, "it is unlikely that normal conditions attractive to foreign capital can be created for a number of years."

In a separate opinion—later endorsed by Grace—David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and two other COMAP members argued that the incentives and grants are only "stopgap" remedies. In the long run, "encouragement of private enterprise, local and foreign, must become the main thrust of the Alliance." The U.S., says the Rockefeller group, "should concentrate its economic aid program in countries that show the greatest inclination to adopt measures to improve the investment climate, and withhold aid from others until satisfactory performance has been demonstrated."

No Joint Effort. Still a third powerful criticism came from the Harvard study group of businessmen and intellectuals who in 1960 sounded the original call for a hemisphere-wide "alliance of progress." The study group complained that the Alliance "is not an alliance. It has lapsed into a unilateral U.S. check-writing program." The solution, said the group, is for Latin Americans, like Europeans during Marshall Plan days, to join in a regional organization to establish priorities for spending aid money.

In 18 months the U.S. has committed \$1.6 billion to the Alliance. But the results so far, as COMAP's Grace says, indicate only that "we are in great danger of suffering a major defeat to our strategic interests in this hemisphere."

THE WORLD

WESTERN EUROPE

Round 1 to the General

If most of Europe seemed angry at Charles de Gaulle last week, no one seemed to know quite what to do about him. Speaker after speaker at the European Parliament in Strasbourg ringingly condemned Charles de Gaulle's imperious thumbs down on British membership in the Common Market. As a result, declared Common Market Chairman Walter Hallstein, the Six have been plunged into their "first real crisis—a crisis of confidence."

In European capitals from Bonn to Rome, France's Common Market partners spoke bravely of ganging up on De Gaulle, perhaps by blocking his plans for associating France's former African colonies with Europe, or even by boycotting French goods.

Empty Chair? But when the speeches were over, European parliamentarians speechlessly realized that there was almost no concrete action that they could take against *le grand Charles*. De Gaulle seemed to hold all the trumps. Some members of the other Common Market five had talked of giving France the "empty-chair" treatment, carrying on their efforts for European unity and Atlantic partnership without the French. Yet what purpose would it serve to exclude France from NATO councils? None at all. Its contributions to allied fighting strength are sufficiently meager—it is two divisions behind its commitments in Germany; it withholds its Mediterranean fleet from NATO, keeps most of its metropolitan territory out of the air warning system, and even prohibits foreign nuclear weapons on French soil. Still, sheer geography gives France a veto on NATO planning. Could France be ignored in the tariff discussions of the 30-odd members of GATT, or in OECD, the European economic coordinating group that grew out of the Marshall Plan? Hardly, since the economies of all Western European nations are intertwined with France's. The urgent French need to export food surpluses, and its booming market for other nations' industrial goods, are the stick and the carrot that have given the community much of its momentum.

Even Belgium's Paul-Henri Spaak, perhaps the most implacable foe of De Gaulle's plans for Europe, agreed last week that there was no general support for retaliatory measures against France. West Germany's Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, who was in tears at Brussels when France blackballed Britain, went home breathing defiance of De Gaulle and threats to topple Konrad Adenauer. He got nowhere (see West Germany). And after all the oratory at Strasbourg, a "solemn protest" motion condemning De Gaulle's "domination" of Europe was defeated by a tie vote of 38-38—hardly a resounding gesture of defiance.

Personality Change. By their very lack of passion at the new realities, European statesmen proved that there is still a lot

of life in deep-rooted nationalism, whether De Gaulle's or anyone else's. The Communists had found out the same thing in Yugoslavia, Poland, Hungary and East Germany. There were differences: Russia had tried to impose a unity, and Western Europeans had hoped to evolve into a unity by democratic means and for mutual benefit. Western Europeans still insist that the idea of Europe will carry the day, but at the moment there is a new consciousness of one another's disparate tastes, talents and destinies.

The French, aware of the hostility of allies, were reassuring everybody that they were not proposing to go it alone. Foreign Minister Couve de Murville said: "It is not a question of freeing the European personality but of remaining inside the Atlantic Alliance." Even so, Europe's personality had undoubtedly undergone a change. Said one minister in Brussels last week: "For the present, only expect the things to be done quickly around here that are plainly good for all the six countries. It will be quite a while before we hear a minister in council say he is voting for anything for the good of the community as a whole."

FRANCE

Sparks Across the Channel

For a man so insistent on having his own sensibilities taken into account, Charles de Gaulle has a gargantuan capacity for being indifferent to everyone else's. Last week, having stood France's friends and neighbors on their ears, De Gaulle triumphantly surveyed the scene for the benefit of some 120 newly elected National Assembly Deputies in a reception at Elysée Palace.

De Gaulle, whose attitude toward economics is vague at best, loftily explained to the Deputies why the U.S. wanted Britain in the Common Market: "The Ameri-

cans are giving away their products to the South Americans, the Africans, and even the Arabs. Therefore they must try to sell them in Europe, which can pay for them." This was wildly inaccurate: U.S. sales to Japan and Canada alone in 1962 totaled almost twice as much as its \$3.6 billion in exports to the Common Market. With Britain's exclusion, said *le grand Charles*, the U.S. is now "making use of England" to create "a vast new trade thingamajig with the Irish, the Icelanders, and so forth." Then De Gaulle turned his remarks to the West Germans, for whom he had some advice on how to govern themselves. "What is needed in Germany," he declared, "is a constitution that would permit it to face modern conditions." (Germany's constitution was drafted and adopted in 1949.)

Change of Tone. De Gaulle's most derisive comments were aimed at Harold Macmillan and his countrymen, who "always manage to seem so respectable." Describing the Prime Minister's talks with him at Rambouillet last December, he related: "Mr. Macmillan came to tell me we were right in making our *force de frappe*. We have our own, too," he told me. "We should try to associate them in a European framework independent of America." On this, he left me for the Bahamas. There, according to De Gaulle, Macmillan betrayed him by agreeing instead to accept Polaris force from the U.S. and then to commit it, along with Britain's own new nuclear bombers, to a multinational NATO nuclear force. Shrugging that this "naturally changed the tone" of the Jan. 14 press conference at which De Gaulle gutted Britain's hopes of joining Europe, De Gaulle added testily: "Mr. Macmillan, whom I like, has had the British press compare me to Hitler and even to Napoleon."

In London, irate British officials were offended at the idea that Macmillan could



DE GAULLE AT A RECEPTION IN PARIS
A realization of who has the trumps.



ERHARD & ADENAUER
A need for a little laugh.

dictate Fleet Street's line, even if he wanted to. Perhaps, they suggested acidly, he was confusing Britain's free press with France's, where De Gaulle's side pronouncements and little witticisms are fed to the Paris press by the palace guard. A great many talkative Deputies had heard De Gaulle's comments at his palace reception and the state-owned news agency had sent them out on the wire. Nonetheless, when the reverberations began, the palace grandly issued a warning that the public "once again be on guard against the publication of so-called declarations of General de Gaulle."

Seven Reasons. In London, British officials produced their own minutes of the Rambouillet talks, which contained no hint that Macmillan had ever proposed a deterrent "independent of America." The Prime Minister, they said, had indeed agreed that De Gaulle should push ahead with his *force de frappe*, but had pointedly expressed his hopes that it would eventually be assigned to NATO. Snapped one official. "The French have now given seven different reasons why De Gaulle turned down British membership. The only thing they haven't claimed yet is that it was because Scotland beat France 11-6 at rugby." The real reason why De Gaulle vetoed Britain, retorted Foreign Secretary Lord Home, was that "two visions of Europe had come into head-on collision. One was of Europe so ordered that it would be a third force, protected, exclusive, Narcissus-like in its self-glory. The other, a Europe of equal, politically mature nations in complete partnership with America and doing their duty by the whole world outside."

With Anglo-French relations in such an irritable state, Britain announced that the planned visit to Paris of Princess Margaret and her husband, Lord Snowden, for the movie premiere of *Lavence of Arabia*, had been canceled "on the advice of the government."

WEST GERMANY

Waiting for the Call

Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard, that pudgy and popular fellow, has been itching to get his hands on the top job in West Germany, and can hardly wait for Chancellor Konrad Adenauer to retire as promised next fall. He has shyly nudged *der Alte* before, only to be rapped harshly on the knuckles. Last week Erhard puffed up his chest and tried again.

To a Munich newspaper, Ludwig declared his willingness to take over right now. "I would be ready to accept a call to the chancellorship if my party and the Bundestag so decided," he announced, clearly hoping that others felt as he did. After all, many of West Germany's restive politicians had been grumbling over Charles de Gaulle's courtship of *der Alte*, wondering whether the price of Germany's new friendship treaty with France was an unacceptable subservience to France, and whether it required siding with the French against both Britain and the U.S.

No Support. But when Erhard sat back to listen for the expected cries of support, there was nothing but silence. He had overreached himself. At the first Cabinet meeting after Erhard gave out his readiness-to-serve interview, Konrad Adenauer simply smiled and agreed with every complaint poor Ludwig could think of.

Would the Chancellor flatly endorse Britain's entry into the Common Market? he demanded. Of course Adenauer agreed blandly. Would Adenauer declare that NATO and close relations with the U.S. were the basis of Bonn's diplomacy? Naturally, smiled *der Alte*. Then came the clanger. Would Adenauer disassociate himself from De Gaulle's ideas of creating a Third Force between East and West? Snapped *der Alte*: Of course not, no need for it. De Gaulle had never even discussed such thoughts with him; besides, West Germany is opposed to such a policy.

Running out of steam—and questions—Erhard looked around the room for support from Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder and Defense Minister Kai-Uwe von Hassel. They, like Erhard, are pro-British, and like Erhard, have grave reservations about Adenauer's comradeship with De Gaulle. But neither was prepared to bring down the government; Schröder found a sudden fascination in his thumbnails; Von Hassel shuffled papers.

Neglected Conscience. Next day, at a caucus of the ruling Christian Democrats and their allies, Adenauer chided Erhard mercilessly for presuming to seek control of the government. When the Cabinet finally voted on Adenauer's demand that the Franco-German pact be ratified immediately, Erhard's *nein* was overwhelmingly defeated.

For the Chancellor, there was now only the Bundestag to be dealt with. Konrad Adenauer, 87, handled the situation with deft ease. The Franco-German treaty "is not a substitute for European integration," he told the assembled legislators. "It is merely one of the essential prerequisites." As a matter of fact, declared *der Alte*, De Gaulle "promised me that the first subject of joint consultation after the treaty goes into effect will be British entry" into the Common Market. As for the Atlantic alliance, "Europe knows that it cannot defend itself without the support of the United States. I underline again our repeatedly expressed intention of organizing our defense in the framework of NATO."

Ludwig Erhard sat silent throughout Adenauer's performance, showed no emotion even when *der Alte* turned to the economic matters which are Erhard's specialty and said: "Chancellor Erhard will . . . I mean Minister Erhard . . ." Both sides of the house dissolved in laughter as Adenauer permitted himself a rare grin. "Malicious critics will think I did that on purpose," he said. "But I assure you I did not. Well, maybe having a laugh in the middle of such a boring government statement is a good thing."

At week's end, Erhard was right where he had always been, groping for the top rung of the ladder. And Konrad Adenauer was in his accustomed place—on top.

IRAQ

Friends & Brothers

Not long ago, Abdul Karim Kassem, lean and psychotic strongman of Iraq, boasted that he had survived 38 attempts to kill him over the past 4½ years. Last week in Baghdad, death kept the 39th appointment.

Rebel Iraqi army officers overthrew the government and issued a characteristic Middle Eastern communiqué: "With the help of God, we have been able to destroy the enemy of God and of the people, Abdul Karim Kassem, and his gang, who have used the country for their own interests and who choked liberty and disrupted the law!"

Home & Headquarters. The insurrection began on Friday, holiest day of the Muslim week, and in the midst of Rama-

dan, the month when good Moslems fast every day from sunup to sundown and tempers are everywhere short. Army trucks and tanks were already rumbling through the streets when at 9:30 a.m., a strident new voice on Radio Baghdad began exulting. "This is the voice of the Iraqi revolution!" Accusing "Kassem the dictator" of having "murdered citizens, weakened the army, imprisoned and executed scores of officers," the broadcaster claimed that the rebels "have destroyed the tyrant."

But the fight was only beginning. Rebel units surrounded Baghdad's huge, yellow brick Defense Ministry, the home and headquarters of Premier Kassem, which was defended by 600 trusted soldiers. The

Western Premier, Nuri as-Said, who was caught trying to escape the city dressed in women's clothes. In those days Kassem was a brigadier, with the reputation of being the King's most loyal soldier. Actually, he was leader of a group of army conspirators including mercurial Colonel Abdul Salam Aref, a passionate pro-Nasserite. After the young King was slain, Kassem appointed himself Premier, named Aref as his deputy, and proclaimed his dedication to "improving the living standards of our population and saving them from living in slums."

Even though Aref devotedly declared, "I am Kassem's son," and Bachelor Kassem fondly called Aref "my son, my pupil, my brother," the two chiefs were

army was tied down by a rebellion of the Kurdish tribesmen north and east of Mosul. Kassem began to grow suspicious of Iraq's Communists; after a series of Red-inspired strikes, Kassem jailed hundreds of Reds and condemned to death 28 Communist leaders.

And always he had to fear disaffection in his own army. He was promising even greater army purges when last week the rebels struck. After more than ten hours of hard fighting, the Defense Ministry was in ruins and Kassem's disheartened defenders surrendered. Kassem was alive but only for a little while. The rebel Iraqi radio announced that he had been "tried" on the spot, condemned and, at 90 minutes past noon the next day, stood against a wall and executed.

At the moment (though victories are often perishable in Arab politics), the revolt seemed an impressive triumph for Egypt's Nasser, even if he had no direct hand in it. If so, there would be trouble for the hard-pressed kings of Jordan and Saudi Arabia, as well as for the British-protected sheiks of the Persian Gulf. "Kassem has gone; soon King Saud and Hussein will go too," said a complacent Egyptian in Cairo. But first, Nasser's supporters were confident that the Iraqi coup would set off a succession of uprisings in neighboring Syria, which has already put down two pro-Nasser revolts since breaking off from Egypt in 1961.



AREF & KASSEM AS ALLIES
The radio played Nasser's hymn.

rebels brought up tanks and heavy artillery, and Iraqi fighter planes strafed and bombed the Kassem fortress.

Loyal Disciple. The rebel radio voice frenziedly called for the "people" to pour into the streets "to destroy the remnants of the Kassem regime." Between exhortations, martial music filled the air, especially songs extolling Arab unity, and *Allahu Akbar* (God Is Great), a favorite hymn of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser.

The six-man rebel junta that plotted Kassem's overthrow was apparently made up of captains and lieutenants, except for its leader, ex-Paratroop Colonel Abdul Mustafa. But the man they put forward as their front man came as a shock to Kassem, fighting for his life inside the battered Defense Ministry. The junta named as its new rebel head of state Colonel Abdul Salam Aref, 41, long Kassem's closest friend and most loyal disciple, and alive only because Kassem commuted his 1959 death sentence.

Unshared Prize. To Kassem the coup must have seemed only too familiar. In the same way back in 1958, Kassem seized power by ruthlessly slaughtering King Feisal II and his iron-fisted, pro-

soon quarreling. Having become master of Iraq, Kassem was in no mood to share the prize with Aref's other hero, Egypt's Nasser. Ordered into exile as Ambassador to West Germany, Aref pulled a gun in Kassem's presence but was disarmed and finally condemned to death as a traitor. Kassem changed the sentence to life imprisonment and in 1961 sentimentally and imprudently set Aref free.

Insecurely in control, and subject to vituperative attacks from Nasser's Radio Cairo, Kassem eagerly accepted the support of Iraq's well-organized Communist Party, wangled \$800 million in arms and economic aid from the Soviet bloc, and voted the Communist line in the United Nations.

Spartan Cot. Kassem's brief regime reads like a case history in dangerous living. He savagely put down one abortive revolt, narrowly escaped death in an assassination attempt in which his arm and hand were shattered by bullets. Understandably gun-shy, he spent most of his time inside the Defense Ministry building, where he slept on a spartan cot and watched suspiciously for trouble.

There was plenty of that. Half of Iraq's

AUSTRALIA

Theresa & Miss X

To his Australian acquaintances, Soviet Embassy First Secretary Ivan Fedorovich Skripov seemed a likable sort, as Soviet diplomats go. He was a good talker, an enthusiastic partygoer and a back-slapping practical joker who often laced his guests' beer with vodka, guilting when they caught on. But amiable Ivan was more than a spoofer. He was also a spy.

His escapades began early in 1961, when he met a trim young woman identified only as "Miss X" at the zoo in Sydney's Taronga Park and recruited her as a Soviet agent. She seemed willing, but to test her trustworthiness, he conducted a couple of tests, feeding her money—\$952 in all—and handing her minor assignments. Once she had to pick up a small cylinder concealed in a water meter; another time she found one hidden in the iron railing of a stairway.

The Black Cross. Skripov then sent her a letter written in invisible ink and signed "Theresa." With chemical capsules furnished by Skripov, Miss X brought the writing out, learned that she was to pick up a parcel concealed under a tombstone in a cemetery, "the third from the one with a black cross with the letters IHS."

Convinced by now that Miss X was trustworthy, he handed her a big job. She was to deliver a paper-wrapped parcel to a man in Adelaide who would identify himself with a password. What Skripov did not know was that Miss X had been working for Australian intelligence all along, and she simply turned the parcel over to government agents. Inside



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America's bid for a new international classic car... THE RIVIERA BY BUICK

they found coded transmission timetables for a Soviet radio station, along with a small, high-speed radio message sender. After waiting two anxious months for Miss X to carry out her task, Skripov last week learned what had gone wrong. The Australian government sent a note to the embassy ordering him out of the country in seven days for having made "elaborate preparations for espionage." Australian officials would not say what secrets Skripov had been seeking, but last week thousands of workers at the big Woomera missile range—some 750 miles from Canberra—were undergoing interrogation.

Lovable Diplomat. Australia's swift expulsion of Skripov is understandable. In 1954, MYD Colonel Vladimir Petrov, who also had been posing as a lovable diplomat, defected to the West with an armful of secret documents that described widespread Soviet snooping operations Down Under. Caught Red-handed, the Russians broke off diplomatic relations, did not reopen their Canberra embassy for five years.

This time, Australia had equally convincing proof—25 photos taken of Skripov's meetings with Miss X. For the moment, there was no talk of a new break-off in relations. Moscow prudently announced that Skripov's boss, Ambassador Ivan F. Kurdiujov, home on sick leave, would not be returning to Australia.

GREAT BRITAIN

Wooing the Middle Class

When 244 Labor members of Parliament voted secretly last week to name a new Labor Party leader, they did so for the first time in eleven years with some confidence that they might also be picking Britain's next Prime Minister. The prospect seemed to have influenced the voting considerably. In the first round of electing a successor to the late Hugh Gaitskell, Harold Wilson, 46, last week won an unexpectedly handsome lead over his two opponents. He got 115 votes; Gaitskell's deputy, Acting Leader George Brown, an early favorite, got 88; and a third candidate, James Callaghan, who was auto-



DRIVER HUNTER

Her instructor cried, "Lunacy."

matically eliminated, got 41. Only eight votes short of the outright majority needed for victory on the first ballot, Wilson became an odds-on favorite to defeat Brown in this week's runoff.

In voting for portly, pipe-puffing Wilson, a onetime Oxford don who draws most of his support from the left and was one of Hugh Gaitskell's archrivals, Labor M.P.s apparently had in mind not his ruthless opportunism but the fact that he like Gaitskell, is a middle-class intellectual. By contrast with earthy George Brown, a plain-spoken lorry driver's son many Laborites believe that Harold Wilson will have more appeal for middle-class voters, who have become increasingly disenchanted with Prime Minister Harold Macmillan. An effective president of the Board of Trade for 3½ years in the last Labor government, Wilson, at 41, was the youngest Cabinet minister appointed in 165 years.

An L of a Driver

Getting a driver's license in Britain is an L of a job. Tyro motorists are forced by law to hang a learner's "L" on their car, are thus the object of gibes and sneers from every hot-rodder and truck driver on the road. None of this fazed Margaret Hunter, a spinster schoolteacher from Cheshire who at 65 finally decided that it was time for her to get her license.

Thinking that her next teaching job might be in the country far from public transport, Miss Hunter bought a snappy little red Fiat, signed on with a driving school, and hung out her L. After only 40 lessons, she was ready for a trial spin. But her jolting stops and starts so terrified her instructor that he got out of the car, remarking: "This is lunacy; it's suicide. I'm not going another inch with you. I've had enough." Undeterred, plucky Miss Hunter had another go two days later, sideswiped a five-ton truck and demolished her car. "The garage told me it's a write-off," she said sweetly.

When Miss Hunter showed up for her test, she was tailed by a platoon of reporters and photographers. Climbing into

her test car, she stalled seven times, at last put-putted off at 15 m.p.h., made a quick right turn, nearly crashing into a van, stalled at a stop street, backed over a sidewalk while making a turn, sailed through a red light, flicked on her left-turn indicator at an intersection and then drove straight across, finally parked at the test center—three feet from the curb.

So sure was Miss Hunter of her innocence that she refused to heed court summonses to answer for her highway misdeeds. A policewoman finally had to climb through her apartment window to arrest her. In court last week, Miss Hunter declined to enter a plea, said: "I don't think the question of guilt enters into it." The court thought otherwise, fined her a total of \$55.44.

RUSSIA

It Started with Stamps

Berlin's ugly wall is not the only barrier that Communism's inmates try to breach. Soviet authorities are concerned at the increasing number of Soviet youths trying to sneak illegally out of Russia itself. Recently two young Russians tried to leave the country by swimming out to a foreign tanker in the Black Sea port of Batumi; they were picked up by a Soviet harbor patrol boat. One was sentenced to six years in prison, the other to ten. One of the men, said Soviet officials, had been influenced by modern Western-style poetry—"had verse that had been rejected by all editorial offices."

Izvestia, which occasionally prints revealing news for its cautionary effect, last week told the story of a defector named Aleksandr ("Sasha") Mirilenko. Sasha was the 18-year-old son of a Ukrainian cultural worker and his teacher wife, both Communists. Always daydreaming about life outside Russia, Sasha started collecting foreign stamps and writing to collectors in other countries. As his pen pals began telling him about the good things on the other side of the Iron Curtain, Sasha's allegiance to the Young Communist League began to falter. He went to the Black Sea resort of Yalta, where he



CONTENDER BROWN
The lorry driver's son . . .



CONTENDER WILSON
. . . or the Oxford don?

buttonholed foreign tourists for more information and begged for fountain pens and cigarette lighters.

Soon Sasha was fed up with his homeland. From his technical school he stole 35 rubles, some stamps, and a pair of wire-cutters, headed for the frontier between Russia and Turkey. He got within a few yards of his goal. One night last November, as Sasha tried to clip his way through the barbed-wire frontier fence, a flare shot into the sky, alarm bells began to jangle, and border guards grabbed Sasha. Moralized *Izvestia*: "This character, a quite exceptional phenomenon in our country, has become a renegade, betrayed his friends, parents and country. Let him answer before Soviet justice."

ITALY

Palace for Sale

"Sensational Buy in Rome!" cried the quarter-page ad in Rome's *Daily American*. "Trevi Palace for Sale." Under a picture of the fountain of Trevi (which was not on sale) were spelled out the palace's more obvious assets: "Invaluable Publicity, Central Heating, Plenty of Water."

The Italian press was outraged. "Why not St. Peter's Basilica?" snapped the *Paese Sera*. Grumbled *Il Giornale d'Italia*: "It's like putting the Eiffel Tower up for auction." Romans conjured up terrible visions of neon signs winking over the colossal marble statues of Neptune and his Tritons.

For 60 years, the palace was occupied by Rome's Vital Statistics Bureau. Then two builders, Mario Tudini and Achille Talenti, got the palace in 1939 in pay-

ment for a construction job. They haven't been able to do a thing with it. "For most of 24 years, this building has stood empty," said Tudini. "It's magnificent, but as an investment it has been a poor deal. I don't care what they say; we're going to sell." Price? About \$2,000,000. Buyers? "Banks, moviemakers, hotel owners, anybody."

The palace itself, properly known as the Palazzo Poli, holds no art treasures; but its south side forms a backdrop for Trevi fountain, conceived in 1630 by Architect Giovanni Bernini, and built more than 100 years later, chiefly by Nicola Salvi. Hollywood added to the fountain's fame with its *Three Coins in the Fountain*, and Rome's moviemakers did their bit by dunking Anita Ekberg in its great marble basin for a high-voltage, low-décolletage scene in *La Dolce Vita*.

In the end, the Italian government took a hand. Tudini and Talenti can still sell the palace, but if the government considers the buyer unsuitable, it has 60 days to match the price and retain control of what the official statement called "one of the most significant expressions of the Roman Baroque period." And no matter who gets the palace, the city of Rome will keep the coins that travelers toss over their shoulders into the fountain to assure themselves of a return trip.

MALAYSIA

Birth Pains

The suspects never slept in the same house on successive nights. Many had their photos in an "Arrest on Sight" mug file at police headquarters. To avoid detection on Singapore's teeming streets, they spent much of their time in late-night movie houses. But last week the dragnet was out. Sweeping through the island state, government security police rounded up 115 pro-Communist subversives and labor agitators opposed to Singapore's inclusion, with Malaya and Britain's Borneo dependencies of Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo, in a proposed Malaysian Federation of 10 million people.

As Malaysia's birth date draws nearer, Indonesia's President Sukarno is doing all he can to prevent it. His government continually blusters about intervening militarily in British Borneo. Authorities in Singapore feared that local Communists might try to sabotage British bases on the island in order to hamper British retaliation in Borneo. Sukarno is also making muscles against Malaya, which would be the dominant state in the new federation. Djakarta has excluded Malayan fishermen from their traditional fishing grounds off the coast of Sumatra. An Indonesian gunboat recently sank a fully laden rubber barge inside Malayan territorial waters.

Indonesia knows that a pro-Western anti-Communist federation would put a serious crimp in Sukarno's ambition to absorb oil-rich Brunei and its two neighbors. He also is anxious as usual for an issue to deflect mounting public criticism over Indonesia's growing economic crisis.



Fearing that Sukarno is itching to start something, Malaya's Prime Minister Tunku (Prince) Abdul Rahman appealed to London for reinforcements. The British obligingly put 7,000 crack troops on a 72-hour alert to reinforce its Southeast Asia forces, because of "the possibility of outside interference."

The Philippines are also covetous of North Borneo. At a meeting in London, the Philippines maintained that in 1878 the Filipino Sultan of Sulu had only "leased" North Borneo to the British and that the land actually still belonged to the Filipino government. Behind the claim is the fear that Malaysia would not be able to prevent leftists in the federation and in Indonesia from making North Borneo a Communist enclave hard by the Philippines' outer islands. The British government, which is ardently behind Malaya's plans for Malaysia, stiffly rejected the Philippine claim, gave notice that it would push for the final creation of the new nation by Aug. 31.

KASHMIR

As Prickly as Cactus

As the third round of the Kashmir talks began in Karachi last week, a cactus plant was prominently placed on the negotiating table in front of India's Chief Negotiator Sardar Swaran Singh—an apt symbol of just how prickly the dispute between India and Pakistan still remains. Yet by the end of the day, the first faint glimmer of compromise was visible. In a sharp departure from its previous inflexible stand, India indicated that it would be willing to partition Kashmir along a boundary other than the current U.N. cease-fire line which now gives India two-thirds of the province, including all of the rich Vale of Kashmir. The new Indian proposal called for India to keep Ladakh, part of which is currently occupied by Red China, most of the predominantly Hindu area of Jammu, and one-half of the Vale, including the province's capital of Srinagar, Pakistan would get the rest of the province, plus



PALAZZO POLI & TREVI FOUNTAIN
Central heating, plenty of water.

rights of free access for all its citizens to the Indian parts of the province.

Though Pakistan still says it wants all of Kashmir, it has sidetracked its demand for a plebiscite over the whole area, which is 77% Moslem. The prospect is for another round of negotiations in April, this time in New Delhi.

JAPAN

Noose or Pneumonia?

One day in 1948, a well-dressed, middle-aged man walked into a branch of Tokyo's Teikoku Bank wearing the armband of a municipal official. Claiming that he was a city health inspector, the man ordered the bank manager to summon all his employees so that he could give them a dose of antidyentery medicine. The employees gulped the potion, then collapsed in agony. From the open vaults, the medicine man grabbed about \$185 in cash and disappeared into the street. Behind him, twelve people lay dead of cyanide poisoning.

Then began the hunt. From witnesses, artists drew a composite picture of the robber. Eight months after the robbery, police finally nabbed a prime suspect: a 57-year-old professional painter named Sadamichi Hirasawa. Hirasawa first admitted his guilt, then retracted the confession. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to hang.

Two Out of 40. Last week, eight years after his last appeal was denied, Hirasawa, now 72, was still in jail under a death sentence. Japanese artists, writers and intellectuals have rallied to his support, and lawyers have protested against the severity of the sentence. "It seems to me," says one former Tokyo magistrate, "that the evidence was pretty flimsy."

The judge might have a point. Hirasawa insisted that the repudiated confession was extracted from him by torture

in a brutal nonstop interrogation; later, the painter's two sons-in-law claimed that he was playing cards with them at the time of the robbery. Only two of the 40 eyewitnesses of the crime positively identified Hirasawa as the robber—and both were increasingly unsure as the trial wore on. The only clue pointing to Hirasawa was the calling card of the supposed health inspector, which the robber had left behind in the bank; handwriting experts determined that the writing on the back of the card was Hirasawa's. The painter never denied that he once had the card, but claimed that it had been stolen from him when his wallet was pickpocketed shortly before the robbery.

Painting in the Death House. Three Japanese appellate courts have upheld the original verdict, but the rapid turnover of Justice Ministers in ten Cabinet reshuffles since 1955 has helped keep Hirasawa alive. "If their hearts were in it, they could have read the record and signed the death warrant long ago," says one former Japanese judge. "But they were afraid, and I would be, too."

Hirasawa has applied for a new trial, but his application has no legal staying force on the order of execution. To focus attention on his case, Hirasawa's supporters arranged for an exhibition of 50 of the 480 tempera paintings that he has turned out in his 15 years in the death house. Hirasawa's backers have also circulated copies of the original composite newspaper drawing of the robber in hopes of turning up new suspects.

Last November state officials moved the painter from Tokyo prison to remote, unheated Miyagi Detention House in northern Japan—where all Japanese executions are carried out. "He was moved up there to die, but not by hanging," says one of his supporters. "The government hopes he'll die up there faster of natural causes, because Miyagi is cold and unhealthy. That way, they can keep his blood off their hands officially."

MOROCCO

Warrior's Rest

In the 1920s, Abd el Krim was a glamorous name on the world's front pages. A smallish, dark-skinned man with gentle eyes and a fringelike beard, he led his Rif tribesmen in the last romantic war of this century. In the U.S., the vision of Krim's snow-white turban, flowing djellabah and spirited Arabian steed was put to music by Sigmund Romberg in Broadway's *The Desert Song*. In North Africa, his tenacious struggle against the armies of France and Spain sent a throb of nationalism through the Arab world.

Closed Cave. Born in the Rif mountains of northern Morocco, educated at a Spanish school in Melilla, a quiet employee of the Spanish Moroccan administration until he was 38, Krim became a rebel when the Spanish broke the peace with the Rif tribesmen by seizing the holy city of Xauen. In the subsequent fighting, Krim was captured and his father killed. Escaping from the Spanish prison in Melilla, Krim broke his leg and



REBEL LEADER KRIM (c. 1930)
Burial in an alien land.

ever after walked with a pronounced limp. Gaining the safety of the mountains, he rallied the Rifs for a jihad against Spain and in 1921 won an extraordinary victory at Anoual, capturing a Spanish general and 20,000 soldiers—most of whom were butchered on the spot. In the next four years, Krim repeatedly whipped the Spaniards and nearly drove them into the sea. When Krim declared the independence of the Rif and named himself sultan, Spain set up a puppet ruler of its own, the redoubtable Moroccan bandit Raisuli. Krim promptly scattered another Spanish army, seized Raisuli and shut him up in a cave with his harem until he died.

Arrogant in victory, Krim next challenged the French and was finally overwhelmed by a combined Franco-Spanish army of 300,000 men led by Marshal Henri Pétain, which blasted his mountain strongholds with artillery and bombs until Krim at last surrendered in May 1926. The Spanish army, one of whose officers was Generalissimo Francisco Franco, wanted Krim executed, but the French more gallantly shipped him off to exile on Réunion Island in the Indian Ocean.

There, consoled by his two favorite wives and a monthly pension of \$1,500, Krim languished for 21 years. In 1947 France relented and let Krim board a ship for the Riviera, where he would be under house arrest. The 65-year-old rebel jumped ship as it was passing through the Suez Canal, and was granted political asylum in Egypt.

Spurned Fortune. In Cairo, under Nasser's protection, Krim worked with

Who years earlier had earned his own footnote in history. He kidnapped a U.S. citizen named Perdicaris in May 1902 and held him for ransom, thus touching off President Theodore Roosevelt's ringing ultimatum a month later to the sultan of Morocco. "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead!"



PRISONER HIRASAWA
Detention in a cold cell.

other North African exiles for the independence of Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco. But he was disgusted by the terms on which freedom was won; he claimed they were too favorable to France. His Francophobia was too favorable with the years, and in 1957 he warned the U.S. against relying on France to defend Europe, adding querulously: "I don't know why the world doesn't catch on to those French—they're stupid, weak, stubborn and selfish." After Morocco won its independence, King Mohammed V tried to placate the old exile and persuade him to return home. He sent a donation of \$14,000, but Krim refused the money and threw away the royal letter because it addressed him as a plain subject, not a prince.

In recent years, Abdi el Krim has been confined to his home in a Cairo suburb, suffering from rheumatism, failing sight and heart disease, and listening grumpily to news broadcasts of a new world he disapproved of. Last week, at St. the Lion of Morocco and survivor of 200 battles died quietly in bed of a heart attack, leaving behind one widow, eleven children, and a homeland saddened because his bones were laid to rest in a graveyard in alien Egypt.

CENTRAL AFRICA

Trouble Brewing

Customs agents and Special Branch detectives charged with safeguarding the borders of the sprawling Rhodesian Federation have been run ragged lately. In the north, there is a steady traffic of white mercenaries and African soldiers from the routed Katangese army, who slip across the Congo line to peddle their weapons to eager white and black Rhodesians who may one day use them on each other. In the east, smugglers from the Portuguese colony of Mozambique make their way through the wild, mountainous bush to bring in dagga weed (marijuana) and take out gold stolen by workmen in Rhodesian mines. Last week the harried border guards had a new chore: to prevent the smuggling of hops into Southern Rhodesia. At Heilbride, on the Limpopo River, a customs officer dutifully searched the luggage of a vacationer returning from South Africa, then whispered, "Man, what does a hop look like? No one here has ever seen one!"

The hop crisis results from a \$28 duty on every pound of imported hops imposed by the government of Sir Roy Welensky because tax revenue from commercial beer has not been up to expectations. "This is due to the spread of home brewing," complained the government.

Home brewers are generally respectable citizens, ranging from railroad engineers and civil servants to bank clerks and garage mechanics—men who find commercial beer too extravagant for their budgets. The new duty would make home brew twice as costly as the regular commercial stuff. Quickly forming a pressure group grandly named the Amateur Brewers & Vintners Association, some 100 do-it-yourself *brunneisters* fired off a stiff protest to Welensky, pointing out that home

brewing "has taken place in the United Kingdom for centuries, and as the British emigrated to the colonies, this tradition has been accepted as the birthright of the ordinary man by every government of the Commonwealth."

THE CONGO

Vanishing Friends

Into the glass-enclosed winter garden of his pink palace strode Katanga's Secessionist Moise Tshombe with an important announcement. "I am pleased to have ended my work and have done my duty," Tshombe told newsmen, and now he would be leaving for Northern Rhodesia to take care of a troublesome eye ailment. How long would he be gone? "The doctors will decide that," said Tshombe, but

Leopoldville crowd. Then, looking like a shorter, southerner version of Sonny Liston, he took off on a five-day tour of the country with Leopoldville's President Joseph Kasavubu. The Congolese bore no grudge. The day Youlou left for home, school was canceled in Leopoldville so the children could line his departure route.

AFRO-ASIA

Mishmash at Moshi

It was billed as the third Afro-Asian People's Solidarity Conference. But discord turned out to be solidarity's dominant theme when the 100 delegates and observers gathered at Moshi, a hamlet on the coffee slopes of Mount Kilimanjaro.

Setting the tone of the affair was reluctant Host Julius Nyerere, President of



CROWDS CHEERING YOULOU (LEFT) WITH KASAVUBU
Across the river and up on poles.

Elisabethville hummed with rumors that he was going for good. Moise did nothing to squelch the gossip, for 48 hours after he left his capital he was on a plane bound for Paris.

At the rate Tshombe's friends were deserting him, self-exile might not be such a bad idea after all. Last week 23 of Tshombe's top Katanga gendarmier officers flew into Leopoldville for a let's-be-friends dinner of roast chicken and crepes suzette with leaders of the Congolese army, then swore oaths of allegiance to the central government.

Even Tshombe's erstwhile African allies were re-examining their relations with Leopoldville. First to bury the hatchet was President Fulbert Youlou of the Congo Republic, formerly the French Congo whose capital city of Brazzaville lies across the river from Leopoldville. Youlou, a nonpracticing Roman Catholic priest who stubbornly continues to wear his cassock, supported Tshombe's secession in 1960. But with Tshombe on the way out, Youlou suddenly sailed across the Stanley Pool to make friends with the

Tanganyika, who had not wanted the meeting held in his country in the first place. To the Communists and their pals, he warned that Africa and Asia are imperiled by a "second scramble" of colonization, led this time by Communist powers, "who are committing the same crime as the capitalists before." Shortly thereafter, the head of the Indian delegation denounced the organization as a "fraud," stomped out of the hall because his neutralist resolution on the Sino-Indian dispute was torpedoed. During a debate on Malaysia, the delegate from Singapore was barred, and an Indonesian was accepted as Brunei's representative.

The Russians and Red Chinese delegations carried their own squabble into Africa. There were widespread suspicions that the Chinese were to blame when the amplifier for the Russian translation hookup disappeared, was later found in a ditch outside the conference hall. Tit followed Tat. Next day the Chinese earphones went dead, and a British engineer summoned to fix them found that the electrical connection had been spiked.



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Report to business from B.F. Goodrich

How to keep a lonely oil rig from blowing its top

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It will take you about 24 miles on a gallon of regular gas.

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And even though it carries almost twice as much as regular wagons, it takes 4 feet less to park.

What's in the package?

8 pairs of shoes, the complete works of Dickens, 99 lbs. of frozen spinach, a huton used by Grover Cleveland, 80 Hollywood

high gym sweaters, a set of underwear, and a full sized reproduction of the Winged Victory of Samothrace.

PEOPLE

As the Hearst Papers' Cholly Knickerbocker, he invented the name "jet set" and chronicled and shared in its gossip escapades. Under his real monicker, **Igor Cassini**, 47, was on kissing terms with the Kennedys; his brother Oly is Jackie's favorite dress designer, and his third wife is the daughter of Oilman Charles B. Wrightman, the Kennedys' neighbor in Palm Beach, Fla. Such weight did he swing that he was instrumental in having Diplomat Robert D. Murphy sent on a secret White House mission in 1961 to listen to the laments of the Dominican Republic's Dictator Rafael Trujillo, then wilting under U.S. sanctions. Naturally Igor tagged along, too. But now the private line is disconnected. In Washington, a federal grand jury indicted Igor for failing to register as a highly paid agent (sharing fees estimated at \$300,000) of the deposed Trujillo regime. Facing up to 30 years in prison and \$30,000 fines, Igor hired an expensive lawyer, Louis (My Life in Court) Nizer, and said: "I am confident I will be cleared." Meanwhile, Cholly Knickerbocker had "voluntarily submitted his resignation, to be acted upon at our discretion." Discretion seemed an appropriate word: William Randolph Hearst Jr. is himself married to Igor's second wife, "Bootsie."

Britain's blizzards were oceans behind as **Queen Elizabeth** and **Prince Philip** toured their sunnier Commonwealth lands. Down Under on a 40-day, 30,000-mile trip. It was the first time in nearly a decade that far-off Fiji had glimpsed its Queen, Elizabeth, looking cool as ever in the 105° simmer, responded by quaffing a bowl of kava, the muddy national bev-

erage made of mashed roots. Then, before boarding the royal yacht *Britannia* for the cruise on to New Zealand and Australia, she bowed to accept the traditional bouquet from one of her barefoot subjects, while others on a nearby British liner clicked away souvenir photos of their fellow South Seas tourist.

Over a year after his death at the age of 71, the will of **Charles E. Wilson**, General Motors president and onetime U.S. Defense Secretary, was finally admitted to probate in Pontiac, Mich. To his wife, six children and 17 grandchildren "Engine Charlie" left an estate of \$7,134,161.

Once she sang *Stormy Weather*, it never quite sounded right coming from anyone else. But after 28 years of carrying a smoky torch from Harlem to Hollywood, **Lena Horne**, still sultry at 45, finds the flame burning lower. Soon after she finishes her six-week run at Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria, Lena says she will give up nightclub singing altogether. "It's stifling to keep singing these silly boy-girl songs all your life. All the drama has moved from Broadway to Mississippi. Why be trivial in times like these?" Her idea: "Match bitterness with Essayist **James Baldwin** in a musical play."

Comfortably settled in a \$300,000 Miami Beach mansion, Venezuela's ex-Dictator **Marcos Pérez Jiménez**, 48, for a long time lived high off the fat of his former land after his ouster in 1958. Alas, for two months now, the suety onetime strongman has been sweating it out in a Florida jail, while his lawyers try to arrange bail on extradition charges. On a low-fat prison diet, Jiménez has lost 16 lbs. and is down to 166 lbs. "If you ever find yourself gaining weight after you get out," said a sympathetic jailer "feel free to come back here for your meals."

"I believe in the gold standard," said willowy **Sury Parker**, 30, high fashion's highest paid (\$500 an hour) mannequin to a Washington Post reporter. "I like solid lumps of things. You can always melt them down." She also believes in marrying Actor Bradford Dillman in April, and is just waiting for him "to get up his gumpkin. Well he's just got to."

The diplomatic fallout from *le grand Charles's* loity isolationism rained down on those two favorites of the New Frontier, French Ambassador and Mme. **Hervé Alphonse**. "Will De Gaulle's action affect the Alphands?" asked Washington Columnist Betty Beale. Apparently not, since the Alphands run what many people consider the only decent French restaurant in Washington. "I think some other French ambassador might be affected socially by what's happened," said the wife of one U.S. official, "but not the Alphands, because they entertain so beautifully." This judgment appeared a little



MME. HERVÉ ALPHONSE
More cryptic than Mona.

premature. The perfect hosts proved pretty picky guests at a *Mona Lisa* preview dinner later in the week at Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art. The way U.N. officials got it, the invites were already out when Alphonse balked at discovering that U.N. Secretary-General **U Thant** was among the honored guests. It was, sniffed Alphonse, a strictly Franco-American affair. Harassed Met officials got the Alphands to agree to two head tables, with Alphonse and Adlai Stevenson at the head head table, and Mme. Alphonse at another one with U Thant. The Secretary-General coldly refused to attend, along with a half dozen other U.N. officials, including Ralph Bunche. At dinner time, *Mona Lisa* seemed to be wearing the only uncrisp smile in the house.

It was an instructive journey north for Mississippi's Governor **Ross Barnett**, 65, invited to speak by the Harvard Law School Forum. Stopping by the Massachusetts State House on a protocol visit, Barnett was talking with officials when in walked Attorney General **Edward W. Brooke**, 43, first Negro elected to such a post in the U.S. Barnett briefly shook hands. "Hello there," he said. "Welcome to Massachusetts, Governor," replied Brooke with a smile, and then shook hands with Mrs. Barnett and her daughter.

During his protean career, **John Huston**, 56, has been a boxer, cavalryman, painter, writer and Hollywood director of such classics as *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, *The African Queen* and *Frenchie*. What next? The ever restless Huston will soon move in front of the camera to play the Boston Irish Cardinal Glennon in Otto Preminger's film, *The Cardinal*. Snorted a poker-playing crony: "The only problem is getting the robes off him when the movie's finished. He'll be pax vobiscum all over the joint."



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MEDICINE

PSYCHIATRY

Toward a New Frontier

Every U.S. President in recent years has dutifully urged more strenuous efforts to prevent and treat mental illness. But to John Fitzgerald Kennedy, whose own oldest sister, Rosemary, is mentally retarded, the problem is particularly poignant. Last week he sent Congress the first presidential message in history that dealt solely with the twin blights of mental illness and mental retardation.

Wary of opposition from budget-conscious Congressmen, Kennedy argued that the states and the nation are now indulging in the worst kind of false economy. There are 600,000 Americans in institutions for the mentally ill, and more than 200,000 in those for the mentally retarded. The average spent on their care is only \$4 a day; in some states it is a niggardly \$2. The direct cost to the taxpayers is \$2.4 billion a year, but, said President Kennedy, the indirect costs to the taxpayer are far greater.

Priming the Pump. Nearly half of the 530,000 Americans in state mental institutions are jammed into hospitals that are so large the patients get no individual care. With a patient-psychiatrist ratio of 360 to 1, effective treatment is almost impossible. The mentally ill remain in the hospitals and get worse. The average stay for schizophrenics is eleven years. With drugs and other new treatments, said the President,

two out of three schizophrenics can now be sent home within six months. "If we launch a broad new mental health program now, it will be possible within a decade or two to reduce the number of patients now under custodial care by 50% or more."

His program, said the President, is based on the proven advantages of having many community health centers for immediate, intensive treatment. To help communities plan such centers, he asked for \$4,200,000 in fiscal '64. By fiscal '65, he forecast, the communities could be ready to start building. Congress should then help with 45% to 75% of the first costs of new centers and make short-term grants to pay staff costs in the first few months. The President urged that private physicians, family doctors as well as psychiatrists, should join in treating patients in their home towns. With the prospect that the costs of mental illness can be predicted and reduced, said the President, patients should soon be covered far more than they are at present by local as well as state tax funds and by private insurance.

"Mental retardation," Kennedy noted, "disables ten times as many people as diabetes, 20 times as many as tuberculosis." About 400,000 children are so retarded that they need constant care; more than 200,000 are in institutions, in many of which "the standard of care is so grossly deficient as to shock the conscience of all who see them." Each year, 125,000 re-

cruits are born to join the ranks of the retarded.

What to do? The first thing is to learn more about retardation's causes, said the President. So far, only about 25% of cases can be medically explained by mongolism, birth injury, infection in infancy, German measles early in gestation, the Rh factor, lead poisoning, or uncommon defects in the body's enzyme chemistry. Where no such factors can be detected, retardation is commonest, said Kennedy, in urban and rural slums, in places where women get little or no doctoring during pregnancy. And there is much retardation among these mothers' abnormally high proportion of premature babies. Children's minds also seem to wither under conditions of severe neglect, said the President, in an atmosphere of hopelessness, where there is no impetus to learning. "This self-perpetuating intellectual blight should not be allowed to continue."

No More Procrastination. To stimulate local action, Kennedy asked for \$2,000,000 to help states develop study projects. Then he recommended that Congress authorize matching grants to build centers for treatment, training and care of the retarded. To get such centers tied in with university hospitals and help them establish clinics, he asked an initial \$5,000,000 a year, soon to be raised to \$10 million.

The main problem in improving care for the mentally ill and retarded is the lack of trained help, Kennedy recommended federal assistance through the Office of Education to train hospital workers and teachers for the handicapped. "Shabby treatment of the many millions of the mentally disabled" has gone on too long, said the President. "We can procrastinate no more."

THERAPEUTICS

Operating Under Pressure

The high pressure with which deep-sea divers and tunnel workers must contend has always been a source of danger, but now physicians and surgeons on both sides of the Atlantic are deliberately subjecting their patients to deep-sea pressures to save their lives. As testament to the success of this paradoxical treatment, "blue babies" are turning a healthy pink even before the end of operations. Seemingly hopeless cases of carbon monoxide poisoning and of gas gangrene (a deadly infection) are pulling through.

The Sooner the Better. One of the first of the pressure pioneers, Amsterdam's Dr. He Boerema (pronounced Boor-uh-muh), did his earliest work with his smallest patients—"blue babies," whose red blood cells were being starved of oxygen. Born with defects in the heart or its surrounding great vessels, such children are so frail that drastic surgery can kill them. The sooner they can have a corrective operation, the better. Dr. Boerema reasoned that if he could operate under double or triple atmospheric pressure and make the youngsters breathe pure oxygen through a mask, their red cells would pick up more oxygen and keep their fragile systems



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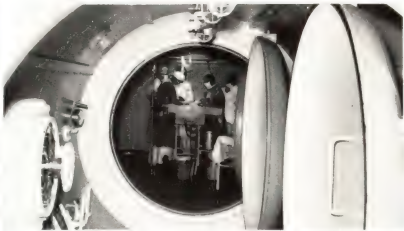
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SURGEON BOEREMA IN HIGH-PRESSURE CHAMBER
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working better so that surgery would be safer.

Two years ago, Dr. Boerema and his colleagues began operating on youngsters suffering from one of the commonest forms of blue-baby disorder—Fallot's tetralogy, a set of four serious heart defects which nearly always occur together. All the children were under five; they had only about 70% of normal oxygen in their red cells, and they were too ill to risk the heroic surgery that would correct all their heart defects. Dr. Boerema wanted to do a palliative operation, after which a final operation could await a few more years of growth and added strength.

Dr. Boerema ruled out the use of a heart-lung machine because that, too, seemed dangerously drastic. Instead, he operated in a chamber at triple atmospheric pressure. With the children breathing 100% oxygen, instead of air with its 20% oxygen, they were getting 15 times the normal supply. They turned pink at once. Dr. Boerema clamped off the great vessels around their hearts to shut off circulation. Unhurriedly, he made a connection between two arteries. Thanks to the oxygen drenching, the children showed no ill effects from the blood-flow shut down, and emerged from the operations with oxygen concentrations in their blood ranging from 0.2% to 0.6% of normal.

Deceptively Simple. Success was dramatic. But progress from theory to high-pressure operating room had been no easy matter. Before he could risk his new procedure on children, Dr. Boerema had experimented widely with the effects of high pressure. In the process, he discovered that oxygen drenching was good for victims of gas gangrene, which is caused by a bacillus closely related to that of tetanus. When he figured out the explanation, he realized that he had done more than develop a new form of therapy; at last he knew enough about the effects of high pressure to start his operations.

The principle is deceptively simple. Little oxygen is normally dissolved in the fluid portion of the blood, which relies on the hemoglobin in its red cells to carry

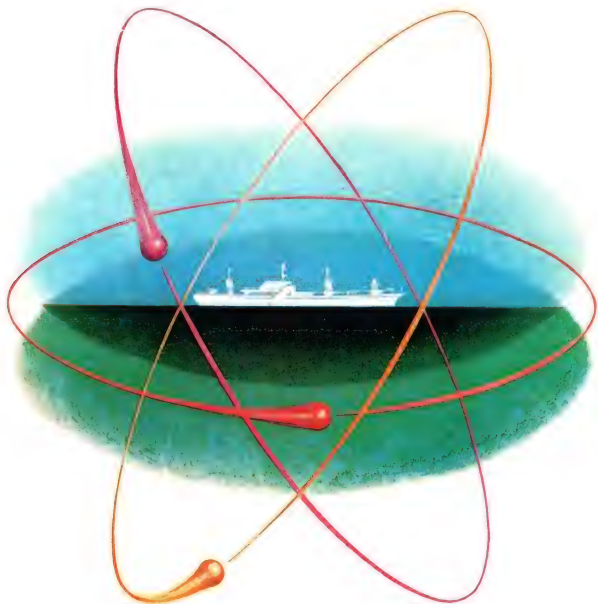
oxygen, in a loosely combined form, to all the body's tissues. Dr. Boerema learned from animal experiments and his gas gangrene patients that it matters little during an operation whether the amount of oxygen carried by hemoglobin is increased, what counts is that under high pressure the watery part of the blood dissolves a considerable amount of gas. In Dr. Boerema's operations, that gas is life-saving oxygen. And the operation fixes up the children's circulation so that later the hemoglobin itself can do its job better.

Dry Dive. At Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston, where surgery on children's hearts was born under the meticulous scalpel of Dr. Robert E. Gross in 1938, Dr. William F. Bernhard wanted to try the Boerema technique. First he went to Newport to ask the Navy for an old compression chamber. The Navy wasted no time telling him to go home—just the tank he wanted had been gathering dust since 1934 in a Harvard lab, only a few yards from Children's Hospital.

Last week Dr. Bernhard told the Society of University Surgeons meeting in Seattle that four blue children have had operations in the chamber. Two died of complications. But two who were suffering from one of the most surgically forbidding of all congenital defects, transposition of the great vessels (aorta and pulmonary artery), are doing well after palliative operations.

Dr. Bernhard works in an 8 ft. by 10 ft. compartment of the chamber, with an assistant surgeon, an anesthesiologist and a nurse. After an operation, the patient and surgical team are decompressed even more carefully than current Navy practice calls for: the process of surfacing from a "dry dive" that reaches 80 ft., or almost 15 times normal atmospheric pressure (about 50 lbs. per sq. in.), is stretched out over an hour, says Surgeon Gross.

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THE PRESS

Death Throes in Phoenix

Judged by the record, the odds against a newborn daily newspaper's surviving infancy are astronomical. In Phoenix, Ariz., those long odds overtook the nation's youngest metropolitan daily, the Arizona Journal. Scant weeks short of its first birthday, the Journal found itself out of print, out of money, heavily in debt and laid out for burial. About all that kept the infant paper out of the grave was a flicker of outside interest.

The Journal's quickstep march to disaster provided one more lesson in the brutal economics of daily journalism. Before starting the new paper, Publisher (and onetime Arizona attorney general) Robert Morrison, 53, raised \$1,000,000. But merely getting born took all but \$100,000 of that. By the time the paper produced its first issue—which came out eight hours late—the Journal was already suffering from malnutrition. Eugene Pulliam, whose two conservative dailies blanket Phoenix contemptuously ignored the newcomer. And, after a while, so did many of the people who had shared Bob Morrison's conviction that a liberal paper could survive in Gene Pulliam's desert fief. From a starting 50,000, circulation dropped to 20,000. Ad accounts evaporated.

A parvenu playing a game that calls for expertise, Publisher Morrison made many costly mistakes. The Journal's vaunted liberalism was never more than timid; its qualifications as a newspaper were never better than just fair. Toward the end, the paper was losing \$90,000 a month, and the till was so bare that Morrison borrowed money from his own loyal staffers—many of whom have not been paid since mid-December.

The Journal's presses came to a halt after one of its more unsentimental creditors, the U.S. Internal Revenue Service, demanded payment of some \$200,000 in back taxes and penalties. Showing remarkable patience, the IRS stayed action even advanced the paper \$300 for an emergency supply of paper and ink—while Morrison went hunting for prospective buyers. But although he located a few—among them Publisher Hank Greenspan of the Las Vegas, Nev., Sun—none seemed overeager to buy a paper that is \$1,200,000 in hock.

Moment of Candor

In the search for a temporary paycheck during Manhattan's tedious, two-month-old newspaper strike, many a journalist has settled for an unpleasant and unfamiliar job. But of all the compromises forced by the shutdown of nine dailies, none seems more awkward than the gravitation of typewriter-style newsmen to that rival and all-consuming medium, TV.

Minimum Pay. "To me," said former New York Post columnist Murray Kempton writing in the British weekly *Spectator*,

"the saddest spectacle of the newspaper strike has been the sight of so many of my old friends on television, head up eyes front, body sagging, attempting spontaneity in the pronouncement of words they composed two days ago and have read over seven times since." One of Columnist Kempton's old friends was Kempton himself, and he did not like either the sight or the experience.

"Once, for \$25, I was called in on an emergency to discuss a book I have not read for 20 years. I have also twice appeared on a program where journalists sit and answer questions telephoned in by a public that feels deprived of the wisdom



THEATER CRITIC WALTER KERR ON THE AIR
It was like being called up in the draft.

newspapers dispense. That is informal television and quite depressing enough. Formal television is inexpressibly worse.

"I was invited one Sunday morning to render some reflections on a petty instance of civic corruption for the Columbia Broadcasting System, in a great cavern where nine of my fellow unemployed sat, each behind an office desk. Lacerated with makeup that "would seem a little too much to Sadie Thompson," Kempton found the studio trying to put him at ease with a TelePrompTer, but "only private detectives conduct private conversations while looking fixedly at the person addressed and private detectives do not set their eyes on the subject's forehead." So he sat, "an actor who was not an actor, behind a desk that was not a desk and pretended to improvise words already soggy in the mind from being rained on by repetition."

Manhattan's TV tubes are bulging these days with messages from strike-idled typewriter newsmen abruptly recruited, powdered, and thrust into blue shirts for the inscrutable electronic eye. CBS has added 26 hands to its news staff—many of them

from the city's muted press. As soon as the strike began, the National Broadcasting Company programmed *The New York Times of the Air*, featuring such familiar bylines as Washington Bureau Chief James Reston, Capital Columnist Arthur Krock and Broadway Critic Howard Taubman. At first NBC paid the visitors nothing, on the premise that they were really appearing on behalf of the Times. Now each recruit gets a performer's minimum of \$50 per show.

Constant Colloquy. Viewers, too, have found the new apparitions a little unsettling. Faithful readers of the *Herald Tribune's* Drama Critic Walter Kerr, whose printed words can fall with such confident scorn on a meretricious Broadway production, discovered that on the air Kerr

dissolves into a pool of throat-clearing nervousness. "It's like being called up in the draft," wrote Times TV Critic Jack Gould after being nominated for TV duty. "The peculiar joy of hemorrhaging without bleeding starts when the evil little red light glows on the monstrous camera directly overhead. On the assumption that the well-being of the electronic cameras is much more important than the survival of any of the guests, the studios are kept at a chilling temperature." Remembering all that has been written about uncomfortable TV lighting, Gould set the record straight. "All that nonsense about hot lights is so much jazz."

The so much merit of seeing reporters and critics on TV is that their stories however stumbly read, are plainly their own, and this honesty contrasts with some of the smoother TV spiers so confidently delivering thoughts fed to them by others.

Trying to fill in for the missing newspapers has taught TV that only the newspapers themselves can do that job. "It has been demonstrated anew," wrote NBC's newscaster Chat Huntley, in a moment of candor, for *The Reporter*, "that television

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and radio journalism cannot and should not attempt to deal with the day's complete budget of information. The journalists of radio and television, those of the newspapers, those of the trade press, and those of the periodicals are all engaged in a constant and unceasing colloquy. We in electronic journalism are indeed affected when one important participant in the conversation falls silent. We can no more take the places of our newspaper colleagues than we can converse effectively with ourselves."

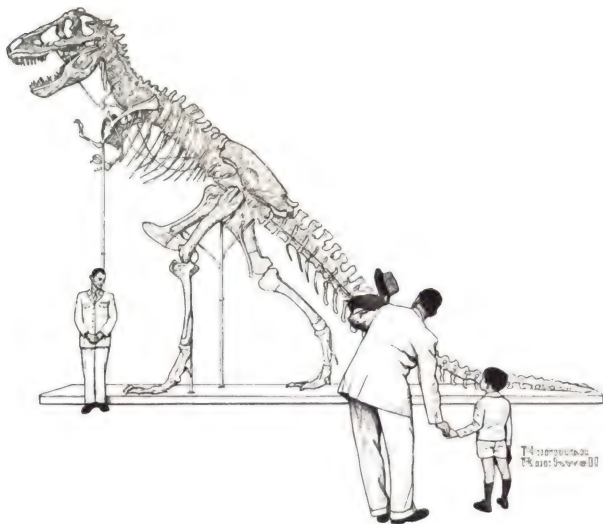
Through a Keyhole Darkly

In the spring of 1948, two formidable ladies met over a luncheon table at Romanoff's restaurant in Hollywood. "When she walked in," recalls one of the other "every chin in the place dropped. Hasty telephone calls brought in a mob of patrons. Nobody moved until we left arm in arm two hours later." After a decade of scorched-earth warfare, Louella ("Lollypop") Parsons had sat down to public lunch with her rival, Hedda Hopper.

The *entente cordiale* did not last, of course—as Hedda makes abundantly clear in a newly released confessional. *The Whole Truth and Nothing But* (Doubleday, \$4.95), which is Hedda's answer to Lolly's *Tell It to Louella* (TIME, Nov. 24, 1961). Nothing really wrong with Louella, says Hedda, except that she mangles her facts, plays favorites, and through her husband, Dr. Harry ("Dockey-Wocky") Martin, used to wangle reports of the results of rabbit tests on the stars' pregnancies, so that Lolly sometimes knew of their delicate condition before the poor girls themselves. Maybe, Hedda hints. Louella's trouble is that her daily prattle now goes to only 70 newspapers, while Hedda's reaches 130 as the result of her contract with the Chicago Tribune-New York News syndicate. But for all that Hedda insists that she genuinely likes Lolly, at least enough to feel sorry for her.

Lonely Sleep. Hedda, in fact, sees her role as "The Dutch Aunt" of Hollywood—as much a creator as a chronicler of the news. If there is more of an air of self-congratulation about her book than there was about Lolly's ("It's a terrible book," said Lolly candidly of her own, "I wrote every word of it"), it is perhaps because it was written with the help of an assistant named James Brough. Hopper-Brough briefly sketch in Hedda's early life—born Elda Furry in Hollidaysburg, Pa., marriage to and divorce from elderly Musical Comedy Star DeWolf Hopper, a *succes* career in films, and finally a column in 1938—and then turn to the kind of key-hole chitchat about "mad, gay, heart-breaking" Hollywood that has fueled the Hopper for years.

A Hopper story starts with a call from her downtown (Hollywood) office: "Elizabeth, this is Hedda. Level with me, because I shall find out anyhow. What's this Eddie Fisher business all about? You're being blamed for taking Eddie away from Debbie. What have you got to say?" In that particular case, recalls Hedda, "Elizabeth's voice was as innocent as a school-



A child's insatiable thirst for knowledge keeps his Dad busy explaining. Dad encourages this curiosity; he knows how essential knowledge will be in his son's future.

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HEDDA (IN HAT) & FRIENDS[®]
 Fuel for the Hopper.

girl's: "It's a lot of bull." But later, Elizabeth was taking a non-bullish, un-schoolgirlish sort of line: "What do you expect me to do? Sleep alone?"

The remark so enraged Hedda, she says, that she saw to it that the story—minus the offensive quote—was plastered across the front page of the Los Angeles Times. "I had no regret," she adds. "If she'd been my own daughter, I'd have done it. Without a sense of integrity you can't sleep night."

Brood-Minded. It was Hedda, Hedda says, who, after all, told Mike Todd how to make a movie, told Sam Goldwyn how to cast one, and helped Bernie Schwartz become Tony Curtis. By reasoning with Actor James Dean she saved the production of *Great* at a time when Dean was absenting himself from the set in a fury at Director George Stevens. By Hedda's testimony, practically the only Hollywood personality she has never been able to charm, bully or cajole is Marlon Brando. Her single, memorable interview with him lasted half an hour, during which she did all the talking. Finally, "with a snap of the fingers, I brought him out of his trance: 'Have you been listening, Mr. Brando?' 'Sure.' 'Do you care to answer my questions?' 'I don't believe so.' " Hedda never saw Marlon again.

For readers who like to hoard their Hollywood gleanings—like green stamps, Hedda has a wildly scatter-shot collection: Clark Gable had not a tooth of his own in his head; Sinatra, Jerry Lewis and Doris Day all shower at least three times a day; Mario Lanza roamed the streets of Beverly Hills at night in his Cadillac to batter down the mailboxes of a movie mogul he thought had betrayed him; Harry Cohn broke up the romance of Sammy Davis Jr. and Kim Novak by having a thur threaten to work Sammy over. And if such racy bits never appeared in her column, it must be because hard-core publishers are more broad-minded than editors of family newspapers.

Left: Sophia Loren. Louella Parsons.

You're missing lots that's new if you're not flying Eastern

*Of course I flew down on Eastern.
Eastern has so many more
jets to Florida!*



MOST JETS TO FLORIDA AND ALL THE SOUTH

...from both Idlewild and Newark Airports. This winter, Eastern's great DC-8 and 720 jets are providing more service from New York to the South and Southwest than ever before—the most jet flights of any airline.

And when you go Eastern, you can count on the finest travel service in the business: round-the-clock reservations... the only direct and candid flight information reports with "Flite Facts" by radio and telephone... Express Check-in at air-

ports... and for almost two years—all 1961 and through November 1962, according to official figures—the best on-time record in the industry.

Whether you're planning a trip to Florida, to Atlanta, New Orleans, Houston or anywhere in the South and Southwest, be sure to specify Eastern. For reservations, call your Travel Agent or YU-kon 6-5000 in New York, MITchell 3-5600 in Newark. And be sure to ask about Eastern's 15% savings with round-trip discount fares on daytime flights.

EASTERN AIR LINES

THE NATION'S MOST PROGRESSIVE AIRLINE





Suddenly top executives are re-discovering the rewards of a sea trip to Europe—on a giant Cunard Queen



No doctor ever recommended a rush trip in cramped quarters. Many prescribe a sea voyage. Now more and more key businessmen are heeding this advice. And their companies approve. Zest is restored by salt air. Strength is built up for battles to come. Man and management both benefit.

An amazing fact: *more people are traveling by sea today than ever before.* Many of them are exhausted executives who choose the sea route for the peace and perspective it brings. And more and more of them are going by Cunard.

What is so special about Cunard? One thing particularly. It is a *British* line.

The British bred Drake and Raleigh and Nelson. And they invented butlers. Thus Cunard embodies two noble traditions: *inborn seamanship*, and *service as a fine art*.

Flagships of the Atlantic

Cunard is the *only* British line regularly plying the Atlantic. Now read some astonishing facts about the noble flagships of this fleet—the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*.

The Queens were designed with immense care. Cunard conducted over *seven thousand* experiments before they decided on the final form of the *Queen Mary*.

On each giant Queen there are *twelve hundred* faithful servants to look after you. Three-quarters of the Cunard stewards descend from seafaring families. Many of them have a record of four generations in Cunard service.

The Queens are *bigger* than ordinary ships. There are *three acres* of deck space for recreation—about the size of the Yale Bowl. The Queens have the *largest rooms afloat*.

There is plenty of room for your belongings. The average family can take over *half a ton* of baggage free on board.

You can amble more than *four hundred yards* at a stretch around the enclosed promenade deck—the length of a village street, or of the combined aisles of 14 jet aircraft.

The British have been *international* for longer than most people. On any Cunard menu you can spot dishes from all corners of the world—including Russia. (Cunard is the biggest single purchaser of *caviar* in the world.) The wine list boasts 21 kinds of vintage champagne.

The Main Hall of the *Queen Mary* has *pigskin* walls. The Grand Staircase of the *Queen Elizabeth* is composed of fifty different kinds of wood.

The Queens are the *steadiest* ships afloat. They have the most efficient stabilizers ever fitted. These act like wings, holding the liner still while the sea races by. On each Queen, *ten* officers assigned to bridge duty hold master's certificates. *Each one is fully qualified to command a vessel at sea.*

Time to think—and act

If you have business to transact, you have *all* the time in the world, *and no distracting telephone calls.* Yet you are within a second's reach of anyone, anywhere in the world. There are *two* complete radio stations on each of the Queens. And there is a staff of nine secretaries at your disposal.

Last year, Cunard carried more people across the Atlantic than any other shipping line. Most traveled on the incomparable Queens. And an *increased* number were executives who chose this way of travel *for sound business reasons.*

The man who arrives in the conference room fresh from a Cunard voyage stands out from the others. He is more alert and efficient. And for five days of rest and bracing sea air, he will have paid hardly more than the price of a jet flight.

Two Cunard extras

1. **Sea-air combination:** Combine a restful 5-day ocean crossing with one way by air and still enjoy the 10% Thrift Season round-trip saving. You can make reservations on regular BOAC flights through any Cunard office or your travel agent.
2. **You can sail from Canada** on the St. Lawrence route aboard the *Franconia* and *Carmunia* to Rotterdam via Cobh, Havre or Southampton. Regular sailings on the *Carinthia* to Greenock and Liverpool.

For details about Cunard sailings, see your travel agent—he will be happy to give you all the facts.

◀ This is R.M.S. *Queen Mary*: 51,237 tons—and not much shorter than the Empire State Building.

"He has not only
helped to save us
from dying.
He has shown us a
pattern of how
life can be lived."



"CHURCHILL"—A TRIBUTE BY C. P. SNOW IN THE CURRENT LOOK

Millions of words have been written about Winston Churchill. Few will be remembered longer, or talked about more, than those of the eminent British author, C. P. Snow, in the current issue of Look.

With a candor that shatters the myths, with an ardor that transcends mere admiration, Snow paints a fresh new Churchill portrait in prose. He reveals the grandeur of the man who, in England's darkest hour, gave such hope to his countrymen that a friend told Snow: "We must never deny our gratitude. Don't forget. We must **never** deny our gratitude."

You will not want to miss this moving essay on the greatest Englishman of our century. You will find it in Look, where events come alive through the exciting story of people—through the kind of journalism that has made Look the biggest-selling magazine in its field and the No. 1 Showcase for the products and services of American industry.

SPORT

Big Red

When his Boston Celtics are on the basketball floor, Coach Arnold ("Red") Auerbach, 45, sits hunched forward on the bench as if it were the edge of a razor blade, his face flickering between anguish and rage. He once punched a heckling rival club owner in the mouth, has nearly come to blows with innumerable referees, and by his own reckoning pays something like \$400 a season in fines for arguing too much. But if no one has ever accused Auerbach of being a popular coach, no one questions his success. In twelve years under Auerbach, the Celtics have never been out of the National Basketball Association play-offs, have won the Eastern Division title six years in a row and captured the professional championship five out of the last six years.

Last week, with the season half over, the Celtics were comfortably ensconced in their accustomed spot—seven games ahead in the Eastern Division. At 34, Bob Cousy is still the most dazzling playmaker on any court; Bill Russell seems to own the back boards with nearly 24 rebounds a game; Sam Jones averages 24 points a game; and John Havlicek is the odds-on favorite for Rookie of the Year honors. Yet other teams have their full share of stars. It's common consent, Auerbach is the difference in the Celtics, the man who makes them the best team in basketball.

Feel of the Game. Every coach knows a good player when he sees one, can devise clever strategy to prey on an opponent's weakness. But when to substitute and when not to is the key to the fast-moving play, and Auerbach has what basketball men call the "feel" of the game. He seems

to know instinctively when a player starts to go sour, has a rare sixth sense for getting just the right man into the pivot the corner, the backcourt—at precisely the right moment. And because he does, he has survived in a harsh profession that has seen some 60 N.B.A. coaches come and go in the past 17 years.

Born in the teeming Williamsburg section of Brooklyn, Auerbach was a stand-out player himself in high school and at George Washington University in Washington, D.C. He watched how his coach, Bill Reinhart, welded a strong team together from the diverse styles practiced around the country. In 1946 Auerbach talked a Washington, D.C., arena owner into sponsoring a pro team in the newly formed Basketball Association of America. "It cost me less than \$500 in phone calls to assemble the club," says Auerbach, "and I stuck to Bill Reinhart's theory."

In three seasons, Washington won 115 games, lost only 53. Soon it was on to Boston to coach the Celtics, whose record was dismal and attendance little better. Auerbach's first move did nothing to endear him to the fans—in the player draft he imperiously rejected a popular All-America from Holy Cross named Bob Cousy. "What do you want me to do," growled Auerbach, "win basketball games or satisfy the local yokels?" Cousy, insisted Auerbach, had yet to prove himself. The Celtics got Cousy back by a stroke of luck. When the Chicago Stags, a team that had acquired Cousy in a trade, folded, Celtic Owner Walter Brown picked Cousy's name out of a hat.

Run, Run, Run. Auerbach has made few mistakes since. He cannot afford to since the team with the best record gets last choice in the annual player draft. Doing his own scouting, he landed Havlicek, who played in the shadow of highly touted Jerry Lucas at Ohio State, and was passed over by other teams. A clever trade gave him Bill Russell. He has the knack of picking up older players—such as Clyde Lovellette—who still have some good seasons left.

In practice, Celtics run, run, run—there are no exceptions. "I have a 25¢ line for every minute a guy's late," says Auerbach. "If Russell comes in at 10:00 it costs him \$1.25. I'd rather fine the big guys. Hell, anybody can fine a rookie." But Auerbach does not treat his giants like children. He rarely invokes a curfew, lets them enjoy a beer or two after the game. Whether his high-priced players are "happy" does not interest Auerbach. "It's up to them to make me happy," he snorts. "I tell them they must adjust to me. I won't adjust to them."

The Witches' Pot

Ever since it was built for the 1932 Olympics, the bobsled run at Lake Placid, N.Y., has been considered the ultimate twist by the world's top bobsledders. Plummeting down through 16 curves, it



ITALIAN BOB AT ICES
Immune to 'the hex'

was tricky, low-banked, and so wide that a slight miscalculation sent a sled careening wildly off course; scores of bobs have been injured, and two have been killed. For the 1964 Olympics, an Austrian engineer named Paul Aste, 46, a onetime bobsler himself, designed a narrower, 13-curve run in the Alpine resort of Igls, just above the Tyrolean capital of Innsbruck. Aste thought it might be a trifle slower than the slick Lake Placid chute, but far safer. He miscalculated on both counts.

Inaugurated at the world bobsledding championships that ended last week, Igls proved about 3 sec. faster for the metric mile than the Lake Placid groove. It also turned out to be a bobsler's nightmare. On the second day of the two-man trials, a Swedish team piloted by Gunnar Ahls was hitting 30 m.p.h. when it zoomed into the No. 9 bend, nicknamed the *Hexenkessel*, or Witches' Pot. The sled slid up the 40-ft. bank, bounced down and ricocheted sickeningly from wall to wall. Ahls' upper front teeth were sheared off on the ice; both his legs were fractured twice. His brakeman was thrown free broke only one leg. Next day the U.S. sled steered by Joe McKillip, 30, slammed into a soft snow wall as it neared the finish line; McKillip was hospitalized with a dislocated shoulder and lacerated cheek. The day after, a Canadian driver's throat was gashed almost from ear to ear when he cracked up on the straightaway in the stretch.

The trial runs were suspended for a day, while the icy run was narrowed for safety's sake. But the rebuilding job did not curb the mounting casualties. A French sled came to grief in the *Hexenkessel* and skidded down out of control; the brakeman was carted off with a severe brain concussion.

All told, 20 men were injured as the teams from eleven nations tried their skill—and luck—on the Igls run. Only the Italians seemed immune to the hex of the *Hexenkessel*. Led by Eugenio Monti, 34, six times world champion in two-man bobs, and Sergio Zardini, 31, a wiry hotel manager from Cortina, Italy's daredevils played first and second in both the two-man and four-man events. Monti's best time for the two-man bobs: 1 min. 6.4 sec. for a 31 m.p.h. average.



CELTIC'S AUERBACH BELLOWING
Prone to anguish.

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SAINT-LAURENT GOWN

DIOR SLEEVE

FASHION SHOW AT SAINT-LAURENT®
Will it go in Passaic?

FASHION

Truly Completely Marvelous

While her dachshund sank his painted scarlet toenails into the damask couch, the elegant woman known simply as Countess crossed her legs and yawned. A journalist stood for an instant's breath of air, sat back down on two lady buyers who were clawing for her chair. Actress Jeanne Moreau blinked drowsy eyes and flicked waves of ashes to the rug. Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes swung black-mesh-stockinged legs, started a fad, and smiled her best-dressed approval. Outside, snow fell softly on the streets of Paris, and there were some who talked of De Gaulle and the Common Market. But inside, up and down the length of the gilt salons, the talk was only of hems, heels and seams. For it was the time of the spring collections.

There were 47 shows in ten days. At each, there was the usual crush to get in; flowers fell from vases and were trampled under stiletto heels; ordinarily well-bred ladies pinned oldtime friends to the salon walls, picked their pockets for the proper credentials, and raced upstairs to jockey for front-row seats.

The Chosen. Though final identification was only possible by prying patron from chair, the better to read the gilt-embossed name card affixed to it, some players could be told without a program. Bigtime buyers for stores or manufacturers, from both the U.S. and Europe tended to be short, squat, greying and myopic; they wore bumps of coats with muskrat collars, orthopedic shoes, and chewed Sen-Sen by the handful. Lesser buyers, reluctant to pay the heavy cost of admission (often a promise to buy as much as \$1,700 worth of merchandise) lurked around showroom exits, approaching departing guests with whispered offers of "anything, just name it—what about a last-season Balenciaga?" in return for a

MODERN LIVING

word or two on what fabrics Dior was using, which colors seemed in the lead.

Then there were the customers and friends of the designer, the chic nameless women whose patronage often still accounts for as much as half a couturier's profit, who stepped out of chauffeur-driven limousines with cool, perfumed disdain, pulling sables close about them. For them, invitations were not generally required; they had their checkbooks in hand. The press representing the smaller papers kept to the backs of rooms, appeared pink-cheeked and pleasant, proved deadly when cornered ("Out of my way!") shrieked one Midwest reporter caught in an entrance crush, delivering side jabs and bloody noses with the efficiency of a karate enthusiast. They met between shows over bitter coffee, confided their impressions the way girls will, and the way girls will, betrayed one another to say it first in print.

The Rivals. No one could mistake the Big Two—Editors Nancy White of *Harper's Bazaar* and Diana Vreeland of *Vogue* (known to every friend and nonfriend in the trade as "Dee-ann"). Flanked by a squadron of outriders, they did not so much attend a show as occupy it. Miss White, a nonviolently well-dressed woman, with her broken wrist (the result of a slip on the ice before she left the U.S.) bound in a sling that changed daily with her outfit, got the honored spot on Coco Chanel's couch; but Mrs. Vreeland, turbaned, fiery-eyed, and putting in her first appearances as *Vogue's* top editor, made up for it all by making more noise. Leaning slightly to

one side or the other—the staff sits just a touch to the rear of the Queen—and dispensing cigarette ashes as if she were favoring the carpet, she shared her various comments ("Perfectly DREADFUL, my dear, don't you think?" "Perfectly GLORIOUS, my dear, don't you think?") with the room at large and even, some thought, with the outlying suburbs of Paris.

Smoke settled in the crowded rooms, voices cracked, tempers rose, and then the hush. The first model. Under the hot white lights she seemed put together of plastic, not flesh; skin dead-pale, so thin that when she swallowed her body trembled with the shock, she strutted and twirled as if a newly wound toy, never perspiring, only glistening prettily. Buyers scribbled on programs: nice cut, good lines, but can it be copied easily? Will it go in Passaic? The press looked frantically for trends; everything old? Anything borrowed? How about a trend toward the old and borrowed? Customers clapped hands in delight at dresses they loathed, hoping to divert rivals' attention from the ones they really coveted.

Final Word. Behind the scenes, designers took final tucks, drew a cautious curtain for a peep at the audience, were sometimes coaxed out to accept compliments, false or otherwise, and a chance at the champagne. "Darling," trilled Actress Melina (*Never on Sunday*) Mercouri, smashing her way through ranks of lesser spectators to get to Dior's Marc Bohan, "It was magnificent! Fantastic! Extraordinaire!" "No," said Bohan, pale but for the thousand carmine kiss marks on his cheeks, "I was not nervous, just a little worried." Said Mrs. Vreeland: "My dear, how really truly completely MARVELOUS!"

Just exactly what was MARVELOUS, and what not, was at week's end something less than absolute. Hems stayed mid-knee, shapes kept narrow, colors vivid. Though Designer Capucci offered something called

☛ Far right (in tweed suit), Vicomtesse Jacqueline de Ribes, sitting next to Cosmopolitanist Helena Rubinstein.



It takes more than wire wheels to make a sports car!

Some people believe a compact car with wire wheels, bucket seats and a stick shift is a sports car. Not so. A real sports car is built from the ground up. Like the TR-4.



For the thrill of a real sports car, slide behind the wheel of a TR-4, the National Class E Sports-Car Winner—in its first year of production!

Triumph's tremendous torque will take you from a standing start to 60 mph in 10 ¹/₂ seconds*. You could hit 110 mph if speed limits would allow.

Test the instant response of rack-and-pinion steering. Hit a curve faster, flatter, safer than you ever did before — thanks to the TR-4's low center of gravity and genuine sports car suspension.

Down shift (synchronesh standard on all four forward gears), then hit those big disc brakes. You'll never have more control over a stop in your life.

You'll discover that great feeling that comes when you know you're master of a superb machine.

Check the price, \$2849* for the best engineering Britain has to offer (and the most popular brand of real sports car engineering in the world). Try any of those "sporty" compacts... then drive a **TRIUMPH TR-4**.

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LAKE MEAD RANCHEROS
Where were the this a picture taken?

"the Peking Look," and Dior presented a wide-armhole, blousy sleeve, hardly anything was really brand-new. There were flowers on everything—Balmmain cinched the waist of an evening gown with green satin leaves. Saint-Laurent hung lilies of the valley onto everything from formal to hats. The results, while not revolutionary, were some of the handsomest clothes in years.

But the merely beautiful is never enough for the vendors and makers of fashion. By the buyers who had fought for the right to sit down by the fashion press—who can find stupendous news in the shape of a buttonhole, and by the customers who rejoined their chauffeurs warm with the special contentment that comes with ordering a couple of thousand dollars worth of little nothings, it was pronounced a week of staggering sensations. Nothing like it ever before; nothing like it ever to come. Or at least not until the next round of shows in July.

THE LAND

Vaguely Realizing Westward

Triple-riveted into the American Dream is a shining picture called The Little Gray Home in the West. And nowhere is it shinier than in real estate brochures aimed at retirement-age oldsters. Sadly, in all too many cases, the grass and sparkling water recreational facilities and well-paved roads of Retirement Land are only so much printer's ink. Items

► Hawaiian Ocean View Estates was advertised as a 10,000-acre development on a "gentle slope" near both ocean and golf courses. What the developers did not say was that much of the slope was lava from Mauna Loa volcano, the beach was 25 miles off and the golf course 51 miles. ► Rio Grande Estates, 32 miles from Albuquerque, was offered as "the biggest land bargain in the nation" (at \$99 per half-acre lot). But California authorities warned buyers that it was "desert acreage in a remote area," where "purchasers will be required to develop their own water and sewage facilities.

► Some U.S. promoters described their 1,500,000 acres in the Amazon Valley as a wonderful investment at \$10 an acre. The U.S. Post Office barred their brochure from the mails when Foreign Service officers reported that the area was impenetrable jungle swarming with insects.

Biggest theater of operations for land grabbing hucksters is Arizona, where some 650 so-called subdivisions have sprung up during the past 18 months and 60,000 lots have been sold, mostly sight unseen. Determined to get federal intervention to stop what may blow up into a national scandal, Arizona's Real Estate Commissioner J. Fred Talley recently testified before a U.S. Senate special committee, and concentrated his fire on an Arizona desert development called Lake Mead Rancheros.

Advertising in newspapers around the country, Lake Mead Rancheros promises 11-acre lots for as little as \$595 with easy terms (\$10 down, \$10 a month). Its brochures show bikini-clad cuties splashing in the lake's blue waters and proclaim "livable now! ... not raw, undeveloped, inaccessible land." But, said Talley, Lake Mead is some 50 miles away. And at the property, "there are absolutely no utilities available. Six miles from the nearest lot and ten to twelve miles from the principal part of the subdivision is a tank-operated machine where one can deposit a quarter and water runs out of an old invertebrate. At the same distance away are a telephone line and power line running down the highway." Scratches bulldozed in the desert are given glamorous names such as Riverside Drive. And in the center of this wasteland of sage and sand stands a giant billboard saying, "THIS IS IT."

Lake Mead Rancheros claims that it is now willing to change its advertising. But it will probably take federal intervention to accomplish lasting reforms—only five state laws require "full disclosure" to purchasers about the state of the property because of the difficulty in determining jurisdiction when promoters are careful to sell their land outside the state in which it sits.

Unsurpassed luxury in First Class
Unsurpassed comfort in Tourist Class

S.S. FRANCE

The world's newest, longest liner offers a First Class beyond your fondest dreams. And new beauty in Tourist Class. All fully air conditioned.

The Tourist promenade deck encircles Tourist public rooms amidships. Most cabins have bathrooms with shower. Most are singles or doubles.

Or you can travel like royalty, itself in grand luxe First Class.

Once aboard, you'll relax to five days of that justly famous French food and service. And, like so many others, you'll look back on your voyage as the most unforgettable experience of your whole European trip.



Noctambules (les nightawkers) gather in the intimate First Class Cabaret, which remains open until dawn. The charming decor includes two derivative plates by Picasso.



A Tourist Class cabin... so roomy, so restful with its decorator colors and wall-to-wall carpeting. There's a telephone. And a separate closet for each passenger.



Imagine! This beautifully decorated public room is for Tourist Class passengers. This favorite rendezvous has a bar, a dance floor and tables for card games.

BOOK NOW on the magnificent **France**, Quick-
 relief shipping to England.
 Coming sailings from New
 York to dockside in South-
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See your travel agent
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Ask him for free brochures on the **France**. Also ask about her **Gala Caribbean Cruise** on March 26. Or write: **French Line**, 810 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y.



Here's your view of the sumptuous First Class Lounge. A renowned French decorator has given it the elegance of a great French drawing room.

French Line®

COMING FROM GM...a new car means a whole lot more

The very fact that a car is built by General Motors seems to make that car worth more. More when it's new and, in some cases, hundreds of dollars more when it's ready for resale. Why? That question is almost as old as GM itself, but you hear it today as often as ever. A neighbor might tell you it's a special kind of styling—a friend, that it's special engineering or research.

We think it's a special kind of people, working a special kind of way, and we'll tell you why. You can train a good engineer to, say, design a brake.

And when he's finished you've got a brake. But to train a man to worry about every little detail—that brake and about how to make it a better brake—that doesn't happen because you set a standard—you can't set standards for making things better than anyone knows how to make them. It happens because General Motors people have the kind of spirit that makes them honestly want to make better brakes and better cars.

That's why... coming from GM... a new car means a whole lot more.

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Shown below: The 1963 Pontiac Bonneville Convertible







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Circle 32

THE THEATER

Hourglass Plot

The *Tiger* and *The Typists* are a pair of one-act, two-character plays by Murray Schisgal, 36, who is handsomely helped by the husband-and-wife acting team of Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. In *The Tiger*, an eccentrically violent postman named Ben grabs Gloria, a Long Island housewife, from a New York street, marches her captive to his cold-water lair, and pins her arms behind her. Rape? Murder? What is on the whirling mind of this kook? His room is a chaotic rubble of exposed steampipes, drying clothes hooks spilling out of bureau drawers, and a blackboard chalked today's word.

The word for Ben, it turns out, is em-battered nonconformist. While he forces Gloria to strip to her red-and-blue-flowered slip, and collects kisses on demand he begins talking the poor girl to death on the subject of the death of the individual. His mission, he proclaims, is to be a brutal predator in this world of sheep. Then Playwright Schisgal tips his plot upside down like an hourglass. Shortly, Gloria is chattering Ben's ears with lists of suburban conformities—pulling crabgrass, going bowling, bed-hopping around. While they prate of the lack of communication among moderns, each spills a major grievance. Gloria's husband is an unread clod. Ben flunked a French exam that meant getting into college. When Ben and Gloria go to bed together, and then agree to meet weekly for more extracurricular love and French lessons, a double irony is consummated. Her special pride was her hideity; his was being a self-taught genius. The Wallachs drum a tattoo of laughs on *The Tiger's* hide, and just as expertly drain the comic pathos from *The Typists*, a tale of two office-worker mediocrities whose lives dim out like light bulbs.



WALLACH & JACKSON IN "TIGER"
A predator who preys.

Off-Broadway Reckoning

A pair of stars acting for the satisfaction of it, an offbeat Manhattan debut by a new talent, a musty, reclaimed grind house—*Tiger-Typists* (see col. 1) is theater of the kind that makes off-Broadway an absentee culture hero in conversation pits from Kansas City to Bombay.

Anyone with a slight touch of dissent in his makeup had better see at least half-a-dozen plays currently showing off-Broadway before getting around to the name-brand tranquilizers of the Broadway show-shops. But he had better not go much beyond a half-dozen, for the major consequence of off-Broadway's startling ten-year growth has been to dilute its quality in a flood of vanity productions (rapid revivals) and Art subverted by Commerce. Off-Broadway entrenched itself as an artistic rebuke to Broadway; increasingly, it is becoming a shoddy-sibling rival.

Seedy Surroundings. Clustered mainly in Manhattan's Greenwich Village, off-Broadway's theaters exert the faintly exotic double lure of intellectual climbing and Bohemian-slumming among asthenic men with beards and girls with Lady Godiva hairdos. The playhouses themselves are adventures, or misadventures; in these pleasure domes, a chair arm may fall off at the gentlest touch. But seedy-surroundings cannot tarnish the bright promise that off-Broadway holds out and sometimes spectacularly fulfills. It gives new playwrights, directors and actors a voice. On intimate semi-round or full arena stages, old and neglected classics have been given fresh airings. When it sticks to what Broadway cannot or will not do, off-Broadway is most nearly what it ought to be—the probing, daring, dramatic conscience of the U.S. theater.

Off-Broadway's semi-official date of birth is April 25, 1952: the day Brooks Atkinson's review of the Circle-in-the-Square's arena-styled revival of Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke* appeared in the New York Times. Then there were fewer than ten off-Broadway theaters; in 1963, there are 40.

Young Turks v. Shubert Alley. The Young Turks of off-Broadway's lively decade have given the theatrical scene including Shubert Alley's fearful fat cats a healthy and creative shaking-up. Off-Broadway fostered the fresh and uninhibited talents of such playwrights as Edward Albee (*The American Dream*), Jack Richardson (*Gallops Humor*), Jack Gelber (*The Connection*) and Arthur Kopit (*Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feeling So Sad*). Such playwrights as Shaw, Ibsen, Chekhov, Moliere, Pirandello and O'Casey—still banished from Broadway on the unlikely ground that there *isn't* a theater party blockbuster in the lot—have been persistently tapped off-Broadway. Off-Broadway can also take substantial credit for spurring interest in two modern giants: Eugene O'Neill and Bertolt Brecht. When



EDWARD ALBEE



ARTHUR KOPIT



HAROLD PINTER
Playwrights who write.

off-Broadway's greatly gifted José Quintero directed *The Iceman Cometh*, in May 1956, O'Neill's reputation was dominant. The remarkable six-year run of *The Three Penny Opera* at the Theater de Lys helped to detonate a Brecht boomlet that is finally exploding on Broadway with the March arrival of Brecht's best play, *Mother Courage*.

Off-Broadway's most precious asset is its receptiveness to new ideas, and the most provocative contemporary idea in the modern theater has been the bizarre, chaotic, deeply existential attempt to find the meaning of man in a world of no meaning threatened with a nuclear apocalypse—the theater of the absurd.

Most of these plays are comedies or horrors, but all of them, in strange and extreme styles, beat with a quivering sense of present-day life. The wave of off-Broadway excitement and support for such playwrights as Beckett (*Krapp's Last Year*) and Genet (*The Balcony*) made possible the precarious off-Broadway beachhead of Pinter (*The Caretaker*) and Ionesco (*Rhinoceros*). Genet, who is less an absurdist than a perversely erotic



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symbolist poet of the theater, is a perfect example of the kind of playwright Broadway will still not touch, to its considerable loss. His *The Blacks*, now well over the 700 mark in performances, is probably the most satisfying work of art ever produced on the color question, an unsentimental depth probe of a labyrinth of hate-guilt feelings, in which blacks and whites literally mask but cannot hide their attitudes toward each other and themselves.

Vocational Therapy. All this success has led straight to a lot of disappointment. Off-Broadway is now big business: it loses more than \$1,000,000 a year. Ten years ago, the off-Broadway season consisted of a dozen or so productions; in the '61-'62 season there were some 100 openings, 40 more than Broadway. Prices and costs similarly soared. Tickets began with a \$3 top, have risen as high as \$4.95. Yet no more than three or four out of 100 off-Broadway productions ever go into the black. The cost of putting on a play has rocketed. In 1953, a revival of Sean O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* was staged for \$400. Today, it could not be duplicated for much less than \$15,000, the current average production cost.

High costs curb artistic experimentation, but have depressingly little effect on the rash of vanity theater that is currently disfiguring off-Broadway with opening-night eyecores. Angels and relatives of Suzy Stagestruck, bent on giving her the Big Break, bank non-plays with non-directors and non-casts. When the ex-crescence flops, the angels philosophically congratulate themselves on a tax loss—and another 15 grand always seems to be waiting in the wings.

A separate branch of vanity theater consists of hobbyists who are whacking plays together as a form of avocational therapy. Last season, off-Broadway saw the do-it-yourself dramas of a policeman, a dentist and a chiropractor, not to forget J. I. Rodale, a millionaire dietary fanatic who contends that a major source of evil in the modern world is an over-consumption of sugar, a condition he believes to be dangerously prevalent among drama critics.

Aspire or Expire. Off-Broadway is usually judged by its best efforts, while Broadway is often cavalierly measured by its worst. The present crisis of off-Broadway is that its best efforts are becoming rarer and rarer, and it is being swamped by its typical products, which are increasingly venal, sloppy, and predictable. For every promising Playwright Schischal, there are a dozen silly proofs of old movie musicals or tasteless tours through neurotic junkyards of the mind, or criminal displays of self-ordained talent that might have lasted ten seconds before getting the critical gong on the late Major Bowes's *Amateur Hour*. Off-Broadway is frittering away the good will of the loyal audiences it has attracted during a goodly decade. If the present trend continues, off-Broadway will be a precarious casualty rather than a fabulous invalid. The choice that lies ahead is stern and simple: aspire or expire.

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All surgeons agree that blood is a life saver. But, almost all of them also agree that they're happier when they don't have to use it and submit their patient to the risk of serum hepatitis—an alarmingly constant risk in stored blood.

This week's LIFE reports in detail on the problems of blood: its sources, its storage, its administration. One donor, for example, was found to have given blood in Memphis, Louisville and St. Louis—all in the same week. His explanation? “You can build up a lot of blood on muscatel.”

LIFE explores the two major areas in which work is under way to ease the dangers in blood transfusion. One, the achievement of a technique for freezing blood (ideally, the patient's own). Two, isolation and conquest of the serum hepatitis virus.

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TECHNOLOGY

Ceramic Sandwich

Using new techniques and novel materials, scientists have learned to construct permanent magnets of astonishing power. Into a small chunk of fancy alloy, or a little bit of fragile ceramic, they have built all the pulling power of a hefty electromagnet without its awkward current-carrying coils. But in spite of their handiness, the new magnets have a built-in flaw: their pull is permanent. They lack practical versatility because their fierce attraction for iron-bearing metal cannot be turned off at will, unlike the clumsiest electromagnet, which can be controlled by the flick of a switch.

Permanent magnets seemed permanently limited until Westinghouse Engineer Ray Radus taught them a new trick. Radus began by building an unusually strong magnet, a slice of ceramic material sandwiched between flat plates of soft steel. With the steel focusing its lines of magnetic force in much the same manner that a small lens strengthens a spotlight beam, one of Radus' ceramic sandwiches only an inch square can exert a pull of some 30 lbs. The problem—to make it let go. If a few turns of wire are wrapped around the sandwich, and a small current is sent through the coil for a fraction of a second, most of the pulling power switches in an instant from one end of the magnet to the other. A few flashlight batteries can supply enough juice—not nearly so much as would be needed by an equivalent electromagnet.

Possible applications of the ceramic sandwich seem practically endless. Westinghouse is already planning to build them into remotely controlled locks for car trunks or motor hoods. They show promise of great value as relays for oper-

ating switches at a distance. And in the not too remote future they may help an orbiting astronaut make his way around his zero-gravity spaceship. Weightless, the space traveler would float aimlessly. With ceramic sandwiches in the soles of his shoes and small batteries in his pocket, he could walk up metal walls or cross a ceiling using only a pair of pushbuttons to control his magnetic footing.

Long Life for Food

Somewhere between the farm and the home refrigerator, fresh fruits and vegetables in the U.S. are almost sure these days to get a scientific going over. Antiseptic washes, ultraviolet light, sulphur dust, gamma rays—the possibilities are almost endless, but the purpose is almost always the same: to stop decay caused by fungi and bacteria.

The trouble with all these treatments, says Food Biologist Karakian ("Kutty") Bedrosian, is that they fail to take account of the fact that the produce itself wants to die. "The problem today is not bacteria, but to control or inhibit the enzyme activity by which fresh food ripens and then becomes rotten." Satisfied that modern techniques of refrigeration and decontamination are more than equal to handling harmful bacteria, Kutty went to work to cure fresh food's tendency toward self-destruction.

The most promising method he could find was the "controlled atmosphere" system now in use among apple growers. Stored in sealed, refrigerated warehouses, apples begin to deteriorate, but in the process they use up oxygen. Within two or three weeks there is so much carbon dioxide in the air that the ripening process slows practically to a halt. Trouble is, the controlled atmosphere has to be carefully checked; too much CO₂ can also harm the fruit. A second trouble is that once the warehouse is opened to remove a load, the whole process has to be started once more.

Bedrosian went to work on the problem along with some engineers at Whirlpool Corp., more familiarly concerned with manufacturing automatic washers and other home appliances. They built a small generator capable of spitting out just the right amounts of CO₂ and oxygen to keep the air in a warehouse ideal for food preservation. With one of Kutty's Tectrol (Total Environmental Control) generators in operation, the storage room no longer has to be sealed. The food-preserving atmosphere is constantly replaced. As a result, Tectrol-treated apples can be kept fresh as long as a year. Apricots which once could be kept no longer than ten days, now last for up to ten weeks. Sweet-cherry life can be lengthened from seven days to six weeks; pears that once spoiled after twelve weeks of refrigeration can now stand an extra month or so.

Right from the start, Bedrosian was so pleased with Tectrol's promise that he

wanted to manufacture it for use with home refrigerators. But Whirlpool salesmen said no—it should be used by commercial fruit and vegetable growers. The housewife, they argued, would never go for it. Kutty remains unconvinced. Soon, if he has his way, food in the home refrigerator will be competing for longevity with the navy bean, which is still edible after 20 years of dry, cool storage.

BIOCHEMISTRY

How to Milk a Bee

The easiest way to obtain bee venom is to get stung. But the method is plainly neither pleasant nor practical. Scientists anxious to gather the poison usually settle for a more cautious approach. They collect live insects, grab them one at a time with a pair of tweezers, then deftly slice out the venom sac; or else they persuade the stinging insects to discharge their poison through a rubber membrane.

Either system is wasteful: the bees are destroyed. But now, Dr. Rod O'Connor and a team of Montana State College chemists have developed a bee-milking method that allows not only the captured bees but wasps and hornets to produce their poison over and over again in sufficient quantities for research. A



STOCKING STINGER
Sucking the venom sac.

whole container of bees is anesthetized with a whiff of carbon monoxide, and then, one at a time, the insects are wrapped in a sach of aluminum foil that is connected to a source of high-voltage, low-current electricity. A brief shock causes the stinging muscles to contract and excrete venom.

Even though their milking system can cut collecting expeditions to a minimum, the Montana chemists look forward to the day when that part of their job may be done away with completely. Now that there is a better way of collecting venom, scientists even hope to learn how to synthesize the poison in the laboratory.

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COLLEGES

Saving Liberal Arts

The Displaced Pedagogue of U.S. education is the liberal arts college. Good high schools have improved so much in the last half dozen years that they turn out graduates who already know what they once would have learned as college freshmen. At the same time, many more college students go on to graduate schools—80% of all B.A.s at many a prestige campus—and they want specialized preparation for advanced work. The task of the liberal arts college, traditionally that of giving the common core of humane and scientific training that befits an educated man, is being undermined at both ends of the college time span.

Colleges all over the country are now redefining themselves in ingenious ways to meet the new circumstances. Their problem in essence is to defend humanities and arts from the space-age trend toward scientific specialization—"the new barbarism," as Columbia College's Dean David B. Truman calls it. Says he: "The specialist who is trained but uneducated, technically skilled but culturally incompetent, is a menace."

Honors Courses. One solution for the well-schooled high school graduate is to put him into special added-work honors courses. The University of Colorado is headquarters for a 145-campus network of honors programs. Big public campuses like Michigan State and the University of Oregon run entire honors colleges—in effect, Ivy League campuses within state universities.

Some 40 colleges simply acknowledge that freshmen studies tend to duplicate what modern students learn in high schools, and shove students out after three years and some summer work. In Los Angeles, 250 high school students take courses at U.C.L.A. At nearby U.S.C., other students polish off their senior high school and freshmen college years simultaneously.

Liberal arts colleges are also battling excessive specialization by calling attention to its dangers. Specialization can be a menace even to specialists: knowledge is expanding so fast that a professional with mere trade school training risks being obsolete in a few years. In fields from business and engineering to medicine and pharmacy, the search is on for broader graduate training that lasts. Boston University now turns out M.D.s in six rather than eight years—and gives them more humanities than ever.

Marvelous Morass. The ways that other colleges try to meet the new demands are at first glance mutually contradictory. To preserve liberal learning, Amherst still requires all freshmen to take the same three basic courses. Toward the same end, Vassar and Princeton make no specific requirements. Because they took college courses in high school, 150 of Harvard's freshmen enter as full-fledged sophomores,

but Harvard tries to talk them into staying a full four years on the grounds that they need time to grow up.

Yale's faculty wants qualified students to earn B.A.s along with their M.A.s, but Yale intends to "keep required courses and see to it that a student is well educated before placing him in independent work." Connecticut's Wesleyan has plunged ahead with independent study and tutorials, is reorganizing itself as a federation of colleges grouped around major fields of study. "Unless liberal arts colleges move into some form of advanced learning that at the same time strengthens their undergraduate work," warned Wesleyan recently, "they may well be doomed



CHICAGO'S DEAN SIMPSON
The goal: a specialist-generalist.

to become finishing schools, or at best, prep schools for graduate education."

New Curriculums. To avoid that fate, colleges are writing new curriculums with bewildering variety. One widely held view is that "general education" needs a broadening if it aims to synthesize exploding fields of knowledge—all of which increasingly impinge on each other. Harvard's famed general education requires that courses be chosen from three major areas (humanities, natural and social sciences), and a high-level committee is busily pondering changes to give it more depth and breadth. Columbia has revamped its own pioneering (1919) general education program, Contemporary Civilization. The required sophomore part used to consist of smatterings from the works of 50 or so great thinkers; now it offers solid courses from anthropology to economics, a shrewd compromise between specialization and generalization.

"We no longer contend that there is only one way to a general education," says Dean Alan Simpson of the University of Chicago, which in the heyday of Robert Hutchins held fast to a thin, well-read line of "great books" (still the rule at Maryland's famed St. John's College).

Simpson argues that now "people can get themselves educated in all kinds of ways," and that a student who probes almost any subject deeply enough these days is likely to wind up needing more knowledge in a broad spectrum of many other subjects. If this is so, colleges may be able to make specialists who are sufficiently generalist. To give Chicago the proper atmosphere for such a development, British-born Dean Simpson envisions a switch to the English system of undisturbed reflection capped by rigorous exams—"a bracing combination of sauntering and sprinting."

No Two Alike. Whatever Chicago devises, it may be hard put to match the remarkable curriculum announced last week by Brown University. Heretofore, Brown had a standard general education setup: required courses in three basic areas (humanities, social studies, science and math); all of them to be completed in the first 2½ years. To foster breadth of interest, students were restricted to a maximum of twelve one-semester courses in their major. But starting next fall, Brown will banish all this for a frankly "permissive" system based on the idea that early specialization may lead to later generalization.

To get breadth, Brown divides college learning into eight areas—linguistics; math or philosophy; physical science; life science; literature; art, music or religion; history, and social science—and requires that each student take a year of all but one. But a student can skip any of them merely by passing a proficiency exam, and from the day he arrives on campus a freshman will freely write his own academic timetable, specializing just as much as he wishes. To spur "professional" learning, says President Barnaby C. Keeney, "a student may avoid further work in certain areas in which he has no interest or real competence."

The idea would panic many another campus, but Brown's Dean Robert W. Morse has a precise aim: "to capitalize on a student's interest at the right time. The key to education is interest, and to deflect or kill interest is the cardinal sin of education." As Morse sees it, freer requirements will produce freer minds and broader education: "A math student, for example, might benefit more from an advanced philosophy course in his senior year than from a general philosophy course in his sophomore year, because he could bring more mature experience to bear." Predicts Dean Morse cheerfully, "It is nearly inconceivable that any two students will go through Brown with identical courses of study."

PREP SCHOOLS

Taft's Third

To tell one New England prep school from another is "sometimes terribly difficult," says Taft's Headmaster Paul F. Cruikshank. But the name of his small (360 boys) school—an ivied Gothic campus in Watertown, Conn.—is hardly forgettable. It evokes the massive figure of President William Howard Taft, whose

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SKINNER

slimmer brother, Horace Dutton Taft, founded the school in 1890. A score of other Tafts[®] have since passed through; but these days another name makes Taft just as memorable—Cruikshank.

Valeman Cruikshank, who succeeded the founder in 1936, had himself started another school near by after a teaching stint at Hopkins and The Gunner. But the Taft job looked better: a no-frills school stressing math, Latin, plain hard work, with Taft family money to keep it improving. In Cruikshank's years, this formula has educated more than 2,000 boys, most of them rock-ribbed Republicans, though Taftmen also include such fugitive Democrats as New York City's Mayor Robert F. Wagner. Academically, Vale-feeding Taft is as solid as ever, with 40% of its boys taking advanced placement college courses. It is rich enough (endowment: nearly \$2,500,000) to have a first-rate faculty, an indoor hockey rink and a new \$650,000 science center, and to give scholarship aid to 25% of its boys.

This week Headmaster Cruikshank, 64, announced his successor: 34-year-old John Cushing Eady Jr., a Deerfield alumnus who went to Amherst ('50) and is now associate dean there. As for Cruikshank, he says with a straight face that his retirement plan is "to operate a gas station in a remote part of Idaho where there isn't much business."

PRESCHOOLERS

Box-Bred Babies

Harvard Psychologist Burrhus F. Skinner has taught pigeons to play pingpong, invented teaching machines for people. But for sheer practicality, nothing he has yet devised beats his "Skinner baby box"—a household incubator for human chicks.

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bie, Skinner's box is a combination crib-playpen that a baby can call home for as long as two years. It has Plexiglas windows, and inside, the temperature is kept at 80° or so and the humidity at 50%. The baby is free of confining clothes and "prisonlike" crib bars. He wears only a diaper, sleeps on a trampoline-like plastic mesh that drains away any leakage. The idea is to let him thrash about, play better and develop faster. Pop saves on baby clothes, and with less lifting, laundry and bathing. Mother's work is ever done. If all systems are not go, a battery-powered alarm buzzes loud and clear.

"This thing is a crusade with me," says John M. Gray, a Long Island electronics engineer, who raised his own son (now a 16-year-old Explorer Scout) in a Skinner box and custom-builds them under the trademark Aircrith (\$335). To cut the price, Gray aims for mass production and dreams of the day "when half the babies in America will be bred in boxes." He adds: "Even if just the nuts buy it, there's still a sizable market."

Many of those who buy it now are avid disciples of Psychologist Skinner. Among them: Mr. and Mrs. Walter Farrell of Miami, a couple of earnest young (23 and 17) psychologists, who boxed their daughter Kelly as soon as she was born a month ago. Mrs. Farrell already has cut her baby chores to 1½ hours a day. Farrell, a doctoral candidate at the University of Miami, argues that this makes Kelly all the more loved and avoids "a psychologically negative framework for the mother."

To such a leading child psychiatrist as Manhattan's Dr. William Langford, it is not the box that helps or hinders so much as "the quality of the parent-child relationship—how much the child is taken out to be played with, the warmth in the family and so on." So far, most box-bred babies—there have been more than 400—seem to have had the right kind of parents. Among them: bright-eyed Debbie Skinner, 18, who hopes to enter Radcliffe.



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"MONA LISA" DEBUT AT METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Whistler's Mother got into the act.

The Show's the Thing

It was the sort of thing that could only happen in an America suddenly hooked on art: one day last week the *Mona Lisa* passed Whistler's Mother on the New Jersey Turnpike.

Mona was wending her enigmatic way from Washington, via air-conditioned van to Manhattan, where she went on view for 3½ weeks at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Despite rain, slush and bone-cracking cold, a crowd of 23,872 queued up in three-block-long lines on the first day to make frostbitten obeisance before the lady with the greenish face in her bulletproof, heat-and-humidity-controlled shrine.

Whistler's Mother (correct title: *Arrangement in Grey and Black, No. 1, Portrait of the Painter's Mother*) was en route to Atlanta, to appear as an official gesture of sympathy by the French government for the death of 121 Georgians who were killed when a plane chartered by the Atlanta Art Association crashed at O'ly Airport near Paris last June. Whistler's Mother's traveling companion was *The Penitent St. Mary Magdalen*, by the 17th century French painter Georges de La Tour, also lent to Atlanta by the Louvre. The arrival of the paintings in Atlanta was one of the biggest events since the opening of *Gone With the Wind* clogged Peachtree Street with hoopskirts and Hollywood types. Says Director Wilhelmus Bryan: "Having these paintings here means a lot to us. It makes a wonderful start for our plans to build a \$3,000,000 art center as a memorial to the crash victims."

Art Is Big News. All over the U.S., art has become big news, and a public conditioned to the excitement of recent museum spectacles has responded in droves. The Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo last year drew 782,800 visitors—more than New York's Museum of Modern Art or Guggenheim Museum more than Boston's Museum of Fine

Arts, more than Amsterdam's Rijksmuseum, more than Florence's Uffizi, more than London's Tate Gallery—and five times as many as its own previous high.

Manhattan's Metropolitan Museum of Art last year attracted 4,791,200 visitors and topped even 1961, the memorable "year of the Rembrandt," when more than 1,000,000 saw the museum's bought-at-auction \$2,300,000 *Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer*, Chicago's Art Institute showed a nice rise to 884,500, Boston's Museum of Fine Arts got a 20% increase in attendance, to 744,000.

"I Saw It." Though even a viewer himself might not be able to separate how much of his own feeling was curiosity and how much was appreciation, there was plainly plenty of tourism, celebrity-seeking, and status-hunting about the current crush to see the *Mona Lisa*. Half a million people "passed in front of it," to use a gallery phrase, in the 3½ weeks in Washington, assuring the museum of a record attendance in 1963, giving thousands little more than a reason to say, "I saw it." There was a general atmosphere of keep-moving which interfered with tranquil inspection, but then, all around were other pictures, many as deserving of close inspection, which got little attention from the crowds.

But even when the attraction is a visiting show rather than the museum's usual collection, millions clearly go to galleries for the pure pleasure of seeing pictures. The attractions at Albright-Knox were a big exhibition of popularly understandable and understandably popular paintings by Andrew Wyeth (*Time*, Nov. 24) which drew 247,800 visitors, and a Van Gogh collection, which pulled 95,000 more. The same Van Gogh show accounted for Boston's attendance rise, and Los Angeles County Museum remembers Van Gogh was a big puller in 1959. New York's Museum of Modern Art earned a healthy increase over 1961 by showing Marc Chagall's stained-glass windows for Hadassah-Hebrew University Medical Center

in Israel, which had the good ladies of local Hadassah groups out in phalanxes.

With or without the hoopla, Americans have become ardent supporters of museums, attentive readers of art news. Scarcely had Leonardo's *Mona Lisa* been removed from its shrouding of maroon drapery (which the gallery force had christened "Mona's kimono"), when a courtly ceremony took place in Washington's National Gallery. Italian Chargé d'Affaires Gian Luigi Milesi Ferretti, Chief Justice Earl Warren and Attorney General Robert Kennedy stood before a throng of art enthusiasts to unveil two small paintings on wood illustrating the labors of Hercules by the 15th century Italian painter Pollaiuolo, recently recovered in California after having been stolen from the Uffizi by the Nazis during World War II.

Reflecting the Kennedys' current disenchantment with De Gaulle, Bobby Kennedy preferred to recall the *Mona Lisa*'s Florentine extraction, looked at the two Pollaiuolos and murmured: "This makes three great Italian paintings which have been loaned to us this year."

Retrospective in the Round

The current retrospective show at Manhattan's Guggenheim Museum is the meeting ground for the ideas of three dead giants: Solomon Guggenheim, the copper-tycoon tastemaker; Frank Lloyd Wright, the architect; and Vasily Kandinsky, the father of abstract expressionism. For patrons making the spiral descent into the museum's terrazzo maelstrom to view the largest collection of Kandinsky oils and watercolors ever assembled, it is almost as if this were the event the three men had had in mind all along.

It would have pleased Guggenheim who built his non-objective collection around Kandinsky. It would have brought a wry smile to Wright, who knew that crowds would first flock into the Guggenheim Museum only to see what Wright had wrought but would eventually come to see a show perfectly suited to its chambered-nautilus setting. And surely it would have delighted Kandinsky, who once wrote: "I would like above all an exhibit as comprehensive as possible; quantity aids the discovery of inner meanings."

Fancies & Nightmares. In the early '30s, Art Collector Guggenheim, who had already shifted his allegiance from the old masters to modern art, was prodigal by his great and good friend, the Baroness Hilla Rebay, into discovering Kandinsky. With the Baroness saying "That one and that one, and that one . . ." Guggenheim bought up more than 100 of Kandinsky's works, becoming the first great U.S. champion of the artist and his disciples.

The show is arranged chronologically from the top; the viewer passes down the ramp past the polychrome landscapes and medieval fancies of Kandinsky's early period (1902-05), then by the transitional things—romantic, mildly experimental Fauvist exercises—of 1910 to 1911 when he began to break the tether of traditionalism and started to experiment in earnest

KANDINSKY: Step by Step to Abstractionism



1902: *Old City (Rothenburg)* was done when Kandinsky was impressed by Monet, Pissarro, Van Gogh.

1911: Forms melt in transitional *Romantic Landscape*, but trees, sun and horsemen are still visible.



1914: Large untitled canvas, one of a set of four, shows Kandinsky's abstractionism at its most explosive. Critics, noting moods of the canvases, believe they were inspired by the seasons. This has the lush hues of autumn.



1923: *Through-Going Line* was done when Kandinsky was at Bauhaus working out basic geometric vocabulary for painting. Of circle, square and triangle, he said, the circle "points most clearly to the fourth dimension."





SIVARD'S "HOTEL BEAU SÉJOUR"

He had just stepped out to buy some solami.



"BAKERY, MOSCOW"

with paintings like *Romantic Landscape* (see color). In 1912, while living in Germany, Kandinsky reached a point of no return. From there on, he was committed to expressing a world of daring lines, moiling colors and nightmare shapes. Abstract expressionism, which went on to produce many other and better painters, was born on his palette.

Sand & Point. There is an unexpected mood of joy in most of Kandinsky's work, almost an air of frivolity in some of it. Color, which he seemed to have made an honest effort to subdue in some of his early abstractions, keeps churning to the surface, and in the end he surrendered to it completely. He never ceased to experiment: one painting in the show, *Accompanied Contrast* (1935), has sand mixed in with the paint on the canvas. Later he seemed to be looking into a world of microscopy; his (*Surroundings*) (*Environment*) of 1936 resembles a blown-up slide of gaudy amoebae sprawling on a speckled lab culture. And in one of his last works, *A Conglomerate* (1943), he slyly reintroduces some recognizable figures in the form of a pointing hand, a pair of seated people, some chimneys and a gable. But always Kandinsky was primarily concerned with form: "It must be finally understood that for me form is but the means towards an end, and that I am occupied with the theory of form and give up so much because I want to fathom what is innermost in the form and make it clear, very clear for other people."

The show at the Guggenheim was put together mainly from the museum's own impressive collection of Kandinsky's, from the Gabriele Münter Foundation of the Städtische Galerie in Munich (which now owns the Kandinsky's collected by his pupil and onetime beloved, Painter Gabriele Münter), and the collection of Nina Kandinsky, the artist's widow, who lives in France. But Director Thomas Messer pulled off an even more impressive coup

of roundupmanship: with the help of Mme. Kandinsky and Paris' Musée National d'Art Moderne, he engineered delicate negotiations with Moscow, bringing seven paintings in the show from Russia, on loan from Moscow's Municipal Museum of Modern Western Art, the Russian Museum in Leningrad, and the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow, all dating from the pre-1914 period of Kandinsky's transition from nice painter to artistic revolutionary. When the giant retrospective closes in Manhattan this spring, it will travel to Paris, The Hague and Basel, and another show organized by the Guggenheim (minus the Russian loans) will open in Pasadena and later visit ten cities in the U.S.

Fantasy in Reality

Robert Sivard, 48, is a sort of bureaucrat with portfolio. As director of exhibits for the United States Information Agency, he and his sketch pad have traveled widely, and as he tends his U.S.A. business Sivard has been able to pursue a novel art: painting the fronts of buildings and the people who go with them. Last week an engaging show of Sivard's sideline opened at Manhattan's Midtown Galleries.

Sivard, in horn-rims, has the quietly desperate air of a man who has dealt with unceasing pressures for so long that a sudden letup would give him a bad case of the bureaucratic bends. But as his fun-filled, detail-packed little canvases show, this worried air conceals an indestructible sense of humor. He started his artistic life as a muralist's assistant, later became an adequate commercial artist and illustrator, then dabbled a bit in abstractionism. But he had to give it up: "It's awfully hard to get a touch of humor in an abstraction, and I can't keep going without a touch of humor."

The Fine Print. One day when he and his wife Ruth were living in Paris, Sivard went around the corner to buy some solami, was enchanted with the *charcuterie*

where it was sold. "It struck me," he says, "as the sort of memory I would like to take home with me." He sketched the *charcuterie* with the owner and his wife and their cat and dog, adding some torn posters and wall scribbling. Sivard has been doing things like it ever since.

Sivard's "touch of humor" is in all his paintings, though it sometimes takes a jeweler's loupe to read all the fine print. In one painting a Paris streetwalker in all the trappings of her profession, from necklace cross to handbag to ankle bracelet, loiters in her doorway next to the *Hôtel Beau Séjour*. There will be no *séjour* today, however; on the hotel's door a tiny sign reads: "Closed for vacation." In another of Sivard's pictures, a Parisian nun is emerging from a Metro station with the frosted-glass peacock's fan of the canopy forming a sort of *art nouveau* halo behind the good sister's head.

Ancient Surfaces. A great borrower and transplanter, he confesses that he often takes a detail of a building here and adds it to another there. In all his paintings there is a loving treatment of ancient surfaces: tattered plaster, ravaged brick, gnarled woodwork, scabrous paint bespeak his affection for old, well-used places and things. But sometimes Sivard gets so carried away in his kindly lampoons that there is a detail too many, and the end result is no better than a merely slick magazine cover. His most impressive paintings are from that unpainted and usually humorless terrain, Russia, which Sivard saw out of the corner of his eye when in 1958 he handled negotiations for the American National Exhibition in Moscow, and came back home to Washington with enough sketches to keep his evenings and weekends busy ever since.

Sivard at his best is in the tradition of Rousseau, with a sophisticated innocence and an ability to capture in a wink a mood, a moment, and to make of an exaggerated reality a pleasant fantasy.

COMEDIANS

His Own Boswell

Woody Allen is a new, 27-year-old comedian whose monologues tumble with wild improbabilities.

He talks about people who perspire audibly; and he knows others who make opium out of the poppies sold by veterans. He calls himself a "latent heterosexual" and says he has an intense desire to return to the womb—"anybody's." He owns an impatient tape recorder that constantly talks back at him, saying: "I know, I know, I know." His father, he remembers, once worked in a factory but was replaced by a small gadget. His mother, he says, bought one.

These jokes come out as segments of nervous, elliptical stories. The man who tells them is a flat-headed, redheaded lemur with closely bitten fingernails and a sports jacket. Like Jack Paar's ghostly Jack Douglas, Allen is a gag writer turned stand-up comic. He even resembles Douglas in a miniature way, with bulging eyes framed by heavy black-rimmed glasses. In fact, since he is so dehydrated that he probably weighs what the charts say he ought to, he gives the impression that if he were dropped into a bowl of water he would turn into Douglas himself.

Quills & Snuffers. This may explain his recurrent preoccupation with food. One of his routines is premised on the axiom that people need taboo subjects. In the Faroe Islands, for example, where lovemaking is as casual as conversation, sleazy natives side up to strangers on street corners and try to sell them pictures of food. A piece of corned beef with just a little fat on it is considered very provocative. A girl is asked if she would like a little cream cheese with her bagels and she says: "I don't do that sort of thing."

Woody Allen is 5 ft. 6 in., but onstage or off, when he gets through talking about himself he seems two inches high. "I am desperately inept at everything," he says. "For some reason, I think I am Dr. Johnson, which helps me with my problem." He is not referring to his psychoanalyst, who prefers not to see his name in print, but to Samuel Johnson, 1709-84. Woody is his own Boswell and reports that he has an antique gold pocket watch, he sits on a Queen Anne chair and writes with a quill pen, shaves with a straight razor and decorates his apartment with English candleholders, snuffers, and leather-bound first editions. "What I need is a wig and breeches," he adds ambitiously.

\$1,500 Bit. Born and schooled in Flatbush, Woody flunked out of N.Y.U. and C.C.N.Y. in the same year. But at 17, he was already a success, writing gags for newspaper columnists, Earl Wilson mentioned his name to a show business public relations firm, and Woody was soon writing TV jokes for Herb Shriner, Peter Lind Hayes, Sid Caesar, Art Carney, Gar-



MISS BLUEBELL (RIGHT)



BLUEBELLS & SHOW GIRL BACKSTAGE AT LIDO
You don't hide a Rolls-Royce.

ry Moore. In one two-year period (he says) he wrote 25,000 gags. He now gets \$1,500 for supplying a comedian with a five-minute bit.

About two years ago, he started doing his own jokes in nightclubs as well as selling them to others. As a comedian, he has swiftly risen from zero per week at Greenwich Village's Duplex to the \$1,000 a week that he is now getting at the Village Gate. He will get his Ph.D. at San Francisco's hungry i in March. In this particular season he is not only an interesting new comedian but a rare one as well; he never mentions John F. Kennedy.

NIGHTCLUBS

The Good Big Girls

"Et maintenant," shouts the announcer triumphantly, "*voici Les Bluebells!*" Out from the wings prance 17 abundantly healthy girls, strenuously smiling. They are big, leggy and bosomy. They can do a cakewalk; they can swivel through a Charleston to the music of *Yes, We Have No Bananas* and *Ain't She Sweet?* They can shimmy, shake and kick their legs in perfect unison. Then they race into the wings to ruffles, flourishes and fanfares in the orchestra and table thumping applause from the audience in the world-famed Lido of Paris.

Gone from England. But it is a piece of inside knowledge, so inside that it is known to nearly every tourist nursing his \$20 bottle of champagne, that these famed ornaments of Paris' naughty night life are not French at all—just English girls who would be hard-pressed to manage a convincing *ooh-la-la*. The Bluebells are Europe's most famous dancing girls. All told, there are 120 of them: Bluebells were dancing last week not only at the Lido but at Las Vegas, on Italian TV and in Tokyo. Although they are known as an English company, they no longer dance in England. A troupe of Bluebells tried it two years ago and did not get the staging they felt that they were entitled to. Says Manager Peter Baker frostily: "You don't hide a Rolls-Royce in your back yard.

You drive it down Park Lane. We shan't bring the Bluebells to Britain again."

The person who ultimately decides where the Bluebells will dance is a leathery little British woman named Margaret Kelly, 50, otherwise known as "Miss Bluebell." A onetime dancing girl herself, she formed the first Bluebell company in 1933, has directly hired all the 6,000 or so Bluebell girls who have passed through the company since. Bluebells get well paid (\$68 a week in Paris; \$195 a week in Las Vegas), and only one in 20 job applicants passes Miss Bluebell's frosty scrutiny. On the other hand, successful applicants get free nose-bobbing, tooth-straightening or ear-flattening operations if they need them. Most of the girls are English, with a sprinkling of Germans and Scandinavians. French girls, Miss Kelly explains, "do not have the proper breast line"—meaning that they tend to be smaller-busted.

Going Wrong Smiling. In theory, a Bluebell would have a hard time losing her virtue. The girls from 16 (minimum age) to 18 must have a chaperone always with them; and the older girls (up to 29) are fired if caught consorting with the customers. No Bluebell ever appears in the nude (although eight decorative non-Bluebell nudes stand around the Lido stage while the Bluebells perform). Presumably acting on the theory that a good big girl is better than a good little girl, Miss Kelly long ago decided that no Bluebell could be less than 5 ft. 8 in., some hit 6 ft. 4 in., and when got up in four-inch hairpiece and four-inch heels they look like ambulatory Christmas trees.

The Bluebell staff finds that the best place to look for a dancer who is both big and good is in the ballet school, where many a hopeful ballerina outgrows her slippers. "When a girl gets too tall for the Royal Ballet," says Manager Baker, "she thinks of the Bluebells at once. The troupe is full of Fonteyns *manquées*." When a would-be Fonteyn makes a slip during her Bluebell act, she knows what she must do. "If you go wrong," says Miss Kelly to them, "no matter what goes wrong, go wrong smiling." They do.



Elderly couple turned back into East Berlin by communist guards at Berlin wall.

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DIVISION



U.S. BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

Paradise Re-examined

Export-conscious U.S. businessmen are not sure whether the Common Market still looms ahead as a Promised Land or has dissolved into a Paradise Lost. To reassure them, President Kennedy at his press conference last week took time away from policy splits in NATO and lurking Russians in Cuba to argue that the Trade Expansion Act—so widely hailed by business—was still a promising gate to open the Common Market's new tariff walls. The trade act presumed Britain's entry into the European Economic Community when it gave the President the power to wipe out tariffs on items in which the EEC and the U.S. control 80% of world trade. Without adding in Britain, few items come under the 80% rule. The President reassured businessmen that his remaining power to reduce tariffs 50% is enough to work with. Yet neither the President nor businessmen could avoid the fact that the Common Market without Britain had suddenly become as much problem as opportunity for the U.S.

The U.S. has high stakes in the future of the Common Market. Last year U.S. industry shipped 19% of its exports, worth \$3 billion, to the Common Six: U.S. farmers sold them nearly \$600 million worth of agricultural products. Moreover, 1,500 U.S. companies have invested more than \$3 billion to set up operations within the Common Market. U.S. busi-

nessmen are so deeply involved that anything De Gaulle may do is a cause for some concern.

New Limits. Even before the French veto, U.S. investments in the Common Market had begun to slacken, largely because Europe's boom has sapped somewhat and investment opportunities are fewer. Now that Britain's rejection cuts down the size of the potential market, many U.S. firms that might have made the trip to Europe are sure to reconsider. The Europeans do not seem seriously bothered by this possibility. France has clearly shown that it wants to limit U.S. investment. The West Germans and even the usually accommodating Dutch have already started making it more difficult for U.S. businessmen to thread through the red tape of setting up shop in their countries.

When it comes time for trade talks next year, the U.S. may find the Common Market nations harder to deal with than they would have been with Britain's free-trading influence. Europe already feels that it gave the U.S. more than it got in the 1961 "Dillon Round" of talks (\$1.6 billion in concessions in return for \$1.2 billion). Moreover, without Britain the next Kennedy Round has lost the grandeur of negotiations between two trade blocs that could have set effective trade standards for the entire free world. The psychological effects of bargaining toward maximum cuts of only 50% may make the actual tariff slices smaller than they would have been.

Crucial to the success of the Kennedy Round will be the outcome of the debates over agricultural tariff cuts. Both the U.S. and Europe are archly protective of their farmers; agreements that might be reached with ease on manufactured items may collapse because cuts on farm produce cannot be wrapped into the package. This will be particularly true if the U.S. insists on lumping agricultural and non-agricultural commodities together.

Covetous Glances. Still, many of Europe's businessmen have come round to the long-pushed U.S. philosophy of freer trade, and are not likely to turn back even for De Gaulle. They have learned from freer trading with one another that fewer restrictions mean more business. Besides, as their own economies reach full maturity, Europe's industries are casting covetous glances at the lucrative U.S. market, which would open wide to them under freer trade laws. While they want to strike the best possible bargain with the U.S., in establishing those new laws, they cannot afford—and do not want—to alienate U.S. business. Says Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon: "I don't think we've seen any indication that France or the other members of the Common Market want to exclude the U.S. from trading with Europe." If both sides can trade off concessions with enlightened self-interest, the U.S. and Europe can continue to share in each other's growth.

AUTOS

Full Speed Ahead

The twelve-cylinder excitement in the voices of Detroit's automakers was unmistakable. American Motors President Roy Abernethy predicted "a whale of a good quarter." Visiting Washington, D.C., G.M. Vice President and Chevrolet General Manager Semon E. Knudsen described sales so far in 1963 as nothing less than "a boom," predicted that the year would turn out to be Chevy's greatest. In Los Angeles, Ford Vice President Lee A. Iacocca anticipated that the boom would last not one year but five, heralded

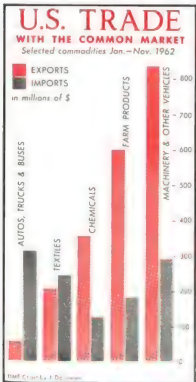


CHRYSLER'S TOWNSEND
Time for a celebration.

the beginning of "one of the most exciting eras in the history of the automobile industry."

The enthusiasm was based on more than fond hopes. January's auto sales totaled \$43,601, a 12% increase over January 1962, and a record for any January. The biggest sales rise was made by Chrysler, which is recuperating vigorously under the cost-cutting, fat-trimming prescription of President Lynn Townsend. Chrysler took 11.8% of the market in January, almost 2% better than its showing last year. General Motors, as usual, had the biggest share (35.6%), and its Chevrolet, Pontiac and Cadillac divisions all made records.

Much of last week's exuberance, however, was an understandable carryover from 1962, when Detroit produced 6,755,000 units for its second best year in history (after 1955). Fortnight ago, G.M. showed how good the year had been by announcing the largest sales and profits of any corporation in history. Last week Ford and Chrysler joined in with their own remarkable showings. Ford sales hit a record \$8 billion, 21% higher than 1961.



and earnings rose 17% to \$481 million. Chrysler's sales of \$2.4 billion were up 12% over 1961, but its earnings report was even more impressive: profits jumped to \$65.4 million—a 459% rise. With its stock selling last week at \$86 (up from \$38.50 last summer), the company celebrated its success by announcing a 2-for-1 split and doubling its quarterly dividend to 50¢ a share.

AVIATION

Out of the Jet Stream

Trimmed in chocolate brown and canary yellow, the stubby jetliner with the peculiar T-shaped tail lifted off the runway at the Boeing Co.'s Renton plant near Seattle on its successful maiden flight. The plane is the Trijet medium-range 727, roughly three-quarters as large as Boeing's 707 and powered by three

up commercial planemaking entirely; General Dynamics, which lost \$425 million on its Convair jetliners, also quit. By withdrawing from commercial planemaking and concentrating on missiles and aerospace, the airframe companies have become increasingly dependent on the Government, which accounts for 83% of Lockheed's sales and 77% of Douglas'. Despite the dangers of such heavy reliance—as Douglas recently discovered when it lost its \$1,000,000,000 Skybolt contract—the planemakers clearly prefer dependence on Washington to again risking financial ruin with commercial jets.

European, and especially British, companies have had their troubles, too, but are still pushing ahead with commercial planemaking. They have the advantage over U.S. firms of smaller overhead, lower wages and heavy government subsidies for strictly commercial planemaking. The

ernments is designing a supersonic liner. By aiming for a less sophisticated Mach 2.2 plane instead of the Mach 3 design favored by U.S. designers, it hopes to have a prototype ready by 1967 at a cost of only \$450 million.

Though conceding that the Soviet Union and the Anglo-French will fly supersonic jetliners before the U.S., Federal Aviation Administrator Najeeb Halaby nevertheless contends that "we will be the first to field the best supersonic transport." The trouble is that being last with the best may not be good enough. The U.S. is already far behind. Halaby has appointed a committee to look into Government sponsorship of a supersonic transport; he hopes to present such a plan to President Kennedy by summer. But the Administration's new budget calls for no funds for supersonic transports, and the only Government-sponsored research on supersonic jetliners comes from pitifully inadequate National Aeronautics and Space Administration funds. By the time the U.S. has a supersonic transport ready, the Anglo-French consortium may already have captured a readymade customer: a planned Air Union of the Common Market's five airlines that envisages using standard equipment. Since such big U.S. international flag carriers as Pan American and TWA could hardly let their foreign competitors corner deliveries of the Anglo-French plane, U.S. airlines might find themselves having to order their supersónicos from abroad.



BOEING 727 JET TAKING OFF ON MAIDEN FLIGHT
The last big effort?

fanjet engines mounted in the rear. It is also the only commercial jetliner now under development in the U.S.—and it may be the last. While U.S. airframe companies are all but giving up planemaking, European planemakers are pushing ahead with bold new models that threaten to unseat the U.S. from its traditional position as the world leader in commercial planemaking.

Aside from Boeing, the only U.S. planemaker with a new airliner even faintly on the horizon is Douglas, which would like to build a short-range, twin-jet DC-9. Douglas has not yet broken even on its long-range DC-8 jet, so far has not a single order for the DC-9, and is not at all sure that it will be able to go ahead with the plane. Two local-service U.S. airlines to which Douglas had hoped to sell DC-9s recently decided instead to buy British Aircraft Corp.'s new One-Eleven, the only short-haul jetliner now in production in the free world.

Dangerous Dependence. Financial turbulence has been too much for the other big U.S. planemakers. Within the past 18 months, Lockheed, after taking an \$80 million loss on its turboprop Electra, gave

French Caravelle and to a lesser degree the British Comet and Viscount and the Dutch F-27 Friendship have made some inroads into what used to be almost an exclusively American market. There may be more important inroads soon. Pan American is quietly negotiating with Britain's Hawker Siddeley to buy at least 40 DH-125 jets, which it intends to man with its pilots and lease to corporations. Originally, Pan Am intended to use Lockheed JetStars, but the DH-125, at \$550,000, costs only one-third as much.

Lost with the Best. The U.S., of course, is still jet king (it has exported \$10 billion in planes and parts in the past ten years), and will continue to manufacture its present jet models. But the competition for the next generation of aircraft—the supersonic jet—will be more formidable. No U.S. company is prepared to risk the cost (estimated at upwards of \$1 billion) of developing a supersonic jet unless the Government foots a big part of the bill—and so far the Government has shown little inclination to do so. A Soviet supersonic transport is expected within three or four years, and an Anglo-French consortium heavily subsidized by both gov-

INDUSTRY

In the Shadows

In the ranks of U.S. business thrives a shadow industry whose presence is largely ignored by businessmen and talked about only discreetly by its managers. The industry is forbidden by law to advertise to consumers in publications or by direct mail; its products are the center of perpetual controversy, and their sale is severely limited in at least two states. Yet they are bought by some 15 million Americans, who—though they seldom advertise their purchases—spend, according to one industry estimate, about \$200 million a year for them. This evasive but popular business is the contraceptive industry—and it is growing so fast that it is growing out of the shadows. The industry today splits its sales among 20 companies, and is in the midst of a technological revolution that is rapidly attracting new firms.

People have always tried to find ways to prevent birth, from the froth collected from the mouths of camels in ancient Egypt to the clumsy rubber devices for men that accounted for most contraceptive sales in the U.S. until the late 1930s. About that time Margaret Sanger started the trend toward contraceptives for women by convincing major companies that there was money to be made in jellies and diaphragms; in World War II, the men's side of the business profited mightily from Armed Services educational campaigns. Today the major emphasis is on a recent development that has made con-

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traceptives for women the biggest part of the business and promises to transform the entire industry: birth control tablets.

Pills for Men. The Chicago drug firm of G. D. Searle & Co., the first to sell an oral contraceptive, put its Enovid tablets (by prescription only) on the market only two years ago. Searle's sales jumped \$12 million the first year, and 1,000,000 women users have since pushed sales to about \$18 million a year. Last week New Jersey's Ortho Pharmaceutical subsidiary of Johnson & Johnson—already the nation's largest producer of vaginal contraceptives—entered the lucrative market with its new Ortho-Novum birth control tablets. The company expects that Ortho-Novum will raise total sales of oral contraceptives to nearly \$25 million in 1963 and bring a 30% boost in Ortho's sales.

Just about every major drug company in the U.S. is working on some sort of birth control product. Some of the drugs being tested may make the first oral contraceptives—which must be taken 20 times a month at a total cost of \$3—seem as ancient as camel froth. Indianapolis' Eli Lilly & Co. is experimenting with pills that have to be taken only once a month, and Ortho is working hard on a vaccine. Emko, a subsidiary of St. Louis' Sunnen Products, has won the endorsement of the Planned Parenthood Federation for an aerosol foam preparation that effectively prevents conception for up to an hour.

Aside from the new products, there is still an \$80 million-a-year retail business in diaphragms, jellies and other feminine hygiene products—a field dominated by Ortho, New York's Holland-Rantos and Chicago's Mylex. Prophylactics for men still account for \$85 million a year in sales, led by New York's 83-year-old Julius Schmid, Inc., Youngs Rubber Corp. and Dean Rubber Co. But Sterling Drug's Sterling-Winthrop Research Institute is testing a pill designed for men.

High Profits. The contraceptive industry has developed and grown despite many legal restrictions and social taboos, and the adamant opposition of the Roman Catholic Church, which forbids its communicants to use contraceptives. The industry's ads have long appeared only in medical journals, though the *Christian Herald* recently accepted an ad for Emko's aerosol foam. Probably no industry has ever depended so heavily on word-of-mouth advertising—or has done so well at it. Profits average about 12% of sales and sometimes go as high as 20%.

The contraceptive industry's outlook is for ever greater business. International concern over the population explosion, a free and easier society, and promotional efforts to instruct the public in family planning have diminished much of the opposition. Manufacturers believe that they have tapped only 20% of the market for contraceptives. They expect to reach much of the rest with new, cheaper and more convenient products. Oddly enough they also count on a population that is steadily rising, despite their efforts, to give them new customers.

MANAGEMENT

Unmusical Chairs

The corporate game of musical chairs is played with a vengeance at New York's ailing Fairbanks Whitney Corp.—and the tune that calls the winner often sounds like a dirge. First there was Financier Leopold Silberstein, who began building the company in 1951 with grandiose plans for its future. Then there was Corporate Raider Alfons Landa, who after a proxy battle forced out Silberstein in 1958. Landa brought with him a former publicity man and legman for Drew Pearson named David Karr, who deftly worked his way into the president's chair when Landa vacated it in 1959. Karr then moved himself up to chairman and brought in George A. Strichman from International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. to be president. Last week it was Karr's



FAIRBANKS WHITNEY'S STRICHMAN
Will he be next?

turn to go. After a bitter attempt to hold on, he was forced to resign by Fairbanks Whitney's board. The new chairman and president: George A. Strichman.

Fairbanks Whitney makes everything from sidearms to diesel engines, and includes among its 14 subsidiaries the well-known machinery maker Fairbanks, Morse. The company ended 1961 with an \$83,000 loss on sales of \$141 million, and for the first nine months of 1962 was another \$1,000,000 in the red. Karr proved ineffective in dealing with the company's problems. He tried to make too many decisions himself, and in the factory he lacked the experience to give Fairbanks Whitney what it really needs: a top-to-bottom overhaul of its inefficient manufacturing and distribution. After he brought in Strichman to run things, he insisted on interfering in operations and finance. Strichman decided that Karr had to go—and so did the board.

A decisive executive, Strichman is expected to reorganize Fairbanks Whitney completely, and to decentralize far more than did Karr. "One man," he says, "simply cannot run a company as widespread as Fairbanks Whitney. We will



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have to have a period of very tight control, but within 18 months I hope to start delegating as much authority and responsibility as possible." Strichman faces so many problems that without quick successes he might go the way of his predecessors. Already a group of disgruntled stockholders is talking up another proxy fight.

BANKING

Let 315 Do It

In the growing blizzard of paperwork piling up on U.S. business, the country's 13,500 commercial banks are slogging through the deepest drifts. Last year, the public scribbled 14 billion checks—almost double the number of a decade ago—and by 1975 they will be writing 20 billion annually. Since the end of World War II, the number of bank accounts has risen 33%, commercial loans 113%, mortgages 200%, and consumer installment credit 850%. The answer to the spreading prevalence of paper is mechanization, and the nation's big banks have set up their own computer systems. For smaller banks with deposits of \$100 million or less—which means 95% of all banks—computers cost too much.

Now small banks are developing a neighborly solution of their own. Nine banks in Hartford, Conn., plan to share a computer center; small banks in New York and Kansas are also taking up the idea. Such centers should make smaller banks competitive with big ones. The Hartford pool, designed by Chicago's Booz, Allen & Hamilton, will start in July, handling overnight all the deposit, savings and installment loan accounting for the nine banks. Each bank will simply have its entries typed up in special magnetic ink. At the close of day a truck will pick up the records and whisk them to the computer center, where an automatic reader will rifle through them and beep the data to a National Cash Register 315 computer. The computer system will do all the rest, from posting individual deposits and withdrawals to printing up customer statements.

The banks will pay \$18,000-\$20,000 a month for the service, and after the first year, when the full start-up costs are recovered, they will begin showing some savings—though they won't estimate how much. Besides whittling their direct costs, the nine banks will also clip a day off their old account posting time, be able to offer better and cheaper service to customers. Programming ahead for the computer pools, Booz, Allen's Neal J. Dean, partner in charge of management information systems, sees the day when all banks will cease being banks as people know them and become a network of computer-run "financial utilities." When that day arrives, the depositor may not even get a glimpse of his paycheck. His employer would send it directly to the bank, and he would need only a banking credit card, good for buying against his deposits everything from Kleenex to Cadillacs.



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February 7, 1963

WORLD BUSINESS

EUROPE

Power Struggle

Among all the other economic changes that are taking place in Europe, one that has gone almost unnoticed outside the Continent itself is an upheaval among Europe's sources of energy. By 1970, the Common Market's need for power to fuel its growth will have almost doubled. To Europe's coal industry, long the basic power supplier of the Continent, this need should be good news—but it is not. Just as the U.S. switched in the late 1940s from dependence on coal to oil and natural gas, Europe today is undergoing a basic power change that threatens its \$7 billion coal industry and creates problems for statesmen and businessmen alike.

Productivity in European coal mines has not kept pace with wages, and coal prices are high: U.S. coal, even with transportation costs tacked on, sells in Germany for \$15 a ton v. \$17 for local coal. In the Ruhr valley, which digs 50% of Common Market coal, 24 pits have been closed since 1958, and six more are shutting down this year; frequent processions of silent, protesting miners carrying banners attest to the human consequences. Ten years ago, the 225 million tons of coal that Britain mined each year represented 91% of all the energy it consumed; by last year output had dropped to 191 million tons, or 72% of all fuel. All over Europe, from Scandinavia to the Mediterranean, coal's share of the power market is growing smaller and smaller.

New Rivals. As in the U.S., oil and natural gas are rapidly taking over as cheaper and more convenient fuels. Most of Europe's factories, trains and homes will soon hum, run and heat on oil, and

a few steel mills right in the Ruhr valley are now fired by oil. In 1960, the Common Six consumed 87 million tons of oil, or 27% of all fuel used—while coal's share dropped to 54%. By 1970, oil imports will raise the total to 48%. The discovery of natural gas in Italy's Po valley, in France's Lacq, and at a newly found field at Groningen in The Netherlands, add a new rival for coal.

Unlike the U.S. when it made its changeover from coal, Europe does not have nearly enough natural gas to supply its needs for many years to come, and has practically no oil of its own beyond minor deposits along the North Sea coast. It hopes to increase its natural gas supplies until they can supply 6% of the power market by 1970, but for oil, it must depend indefinitely on the outside. To keep their oil supply as cheap as possible, Europeans try to pit one oil-producing nation against another, and vary their sources of supply. In 1962, the Common Market area bought 92.6 million tons of oil from the Middle East, 12 million tons from the Western Hemisphere, and 6.8 million tons from the Soviet bloc.

Selective Dumping. Russia is pressing hard to make itself the main supplier of Europe's oil needs. The world's second oil producer after the U.S., it is finishing a 3,600-mile, 40-in. westward pipeline that branches into Czechoslovakia, East Germany, Poland and Hungary. Russia uses selective dumping to attract European businessmen, has sold the same oil to Italy or West Germany at \$9.50 a ton that it sold to impoverished satellite Poland for \$23. Italy, the third biggest oil importer in Europe, already gets 17% of its oil from Russia under a contract that saved the Italians about \$30 million last year compared with Western prices.

To protect their ailing coal industry, European nations subsidize it generously. They also tax and restrict other fuels, and put limits on imported coal. But the eventual victory of oil and gas seems inevitable. The last European nation to hold out against importing Russian oil is Great Britain. Last week the British government acknowledged a Russian offer to give \$66 million worth of orders to Britain's hard-pressed shipbuilding industry if Britain would buy two to three million tons of Russian oil a year. It is a measure of the way Europe's new "power struggle" is going that Britain has decided to think over the offer instead of quickly refusing, as it always has in the past.

GERMANY

Over the Bridge

Rising out of snow-covered farm lands on the south bank of Germany's Main River near Frankfurt are the scaffolds for an expanse of buildings that will be one of Europe's largest privately owned research laboratories when completed later this year. To link the 600 scientists who



HOECHST FRANKFURT HEADQUARTERS
Green silk for the Empress Eugénie.

will work in its new \$25 million research facility with the main plant on the north bank, the chemical firm Hoechst Farbwerke is spanning the river with a 430-ft., two-lane bridge.

Hoechst excels at building bridges between research and industry, and does not mind the cost. Last year the West German company spent \$11.5 million on research, ranking it among the world's most research-conscious firms. Hoechst is so successful in making its scientific achievements pay off that it is Europe's third largest chemical company (after Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries and Germany's Bayer), with 53,000 employees and 1962 sales of \$863.5 million.

Dyeing for the Empress. The company got its start 100 years ago through an ingenious stroke of applied science. Its founder, a German chemist named Eugen Lucius, perfected the first instant dye, which won wide popularity after a French silk dyer used it to dye green the silk to be used in an evening dress for Emperor Napoleon III's wife, Empress Eugénie. Soon researchers, using Hoechst dyes, learned that they could stain living and dead tissue to study the origin and spread of diseases. Famed microbiologist Robert Koch used Hoechst dyes to discover the organisms causing anthrax and tuberculosis. Over the years, Hoechst scientists developed Novocain, the first effective local anesthetic, produced Adrenalin, the first synthetic hormone, and opened the way for the company's huge expansion into plastics by discovering how to produce polyvinyl. In 1925 Hoechst joined the other giant German chemical companies in the I. G. Farben combine. After the war, when the Allies broke up the combine, Hoechst emerged as an independent company. Its main plant had barely been touched by Allied bombs.

To guide its postwar comeback,



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Those two Hebrew words mean the "book of ways to do it right."

Which may not be the shortest way to say "Operations Manual," but it gives you a better idea of what's involved.

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mastering all the fine points in our bible. Chapter and verse.

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And an on-time record that's good enough to set your watch by.

Even so, we know that you can't learn everything out of a book.

So we keep the men who wrote the book flying the planes. **EL AL Israel Airlines**



HOECHST'S WINNAKER
"You don't need a hobby."

Hoechst, true to its tradition, chose not an administrator but a scientist: Professor Karl Winnaker, 59, who spends his spare time writing books on chemistry. "You don't need a hobby if you choose the right profession," says Winnaker, who proudly carries five dueling scars on his face and keeps his scalp shaved except for a few wisps in the middle. As a respected scientist, he has been awarded the Federal Republic's second highest civilian decoration, frequently represents West Germany at international nuclear conferences.

Keeping Up the Flow. Though Hoechst is prepared for increasing competition from Italian and French chemical com-

panies within the Common Market, and from British and U.S. firms outside it, Winnaker does not seem very worried about the future. Nearly half of Hoechst's sales come from products developed by the company's scientists within the past ten years (among them: Rastinon, the first oral insulin for diabetics; Segontin, a drug for circulatory disturbances; Trevira, a polyester fiber for garments). Winnaker intends to keep up the flow. Hoechst's new research facility is so designed that next to each two-man experimental laboratory is another lab in which a development team will work at finding commercial applications for whatever discoveries the researchers may make.

MONACO

Death of a Haven

Ever since 1861, tiny Monaco has sheltered its residents from one of life's inevitabilities—taxes. To enjoy this blessing, thousands of foreigners have settled in Monaco, and the principality has prospered since World War II as the headquarters for scores of foreign firms, including Allied Chemical, U.S. Time, and the weapon trader, Interarmco, that do the bulk of their business outside Monaco's 388 acres. A tax haven at his doorstep nettled Charles de Gaulle, who was bothered about Monaco long before he took on his economic competition with Britain. Convinced that Monaco-based

businessmen enjoyed an unfair advantage over their taxpaying French competitors, De Gaulle last April abrogated a treaty guaranteeing Monaco's tax-free status and insisted that some changes would have to be made.

After months of acrimonious negotiations, Monaco last week bowed reluctantly to France's demands. From now on, profits of all Monaco-based enterprises with 25% or more of their sales outside Monaco will be subject to a 25% French tax, rising to 35% in 1965. As a concession, those who have been Monaco residents for more than five years will be exempt from the French income tax. This is small consolation to the thousands of foreign businessmen, including many French refugees from Algeria, who have streamed into Monaco in the past few years.

The threat of such taxes has been enough to slow Monaco's building boom, which had become so big that the Mediterranean shore was being filled in to create more land. Real estate agents have not completed a single major deal since the crisis began, and the announcement of the new taxes immediately set off a sharp drop in real estate prices. Though the roulette wheels will continue to turn at Monte Carlo, gambling provides only about 5% of Monaco's income. With the incentive gone for foreign businessmen to set up headquarters in Monaco, Prince Rainier's prosperous little fief faces a grey and grim future.

PERSONAL FILE

- As a pillar of the City of London's select financial elite and a graduate of Eton and Cambridge, **Goaffrey Cecil Eley**, 58, seemed a most unlikely candidate to outrage his peers by nationalizing a private steel company. Yet that, in effect, is what Eley did last week when Richard Thomas & Baldwins, Britain's only remaining nationalized steel company, won its fight to take over privately run Whitehead Iron & Steel, R.T.B.'s chairman for four years. Eley moved into action with government approval when the rival steel firm of Stewarts & Lloyds tried to take over Whitehead—a move that, if successful, would have deprived Eley's firm of its best customer. A quiet, very polite man who lists one of his recreations as "living privately," Eley shrewdly bought up Whitehead shares by raising Stewarts & Lloyds' offer, won 50% of them at \$12 a share. Since nationalized R.T.B. is a money-losing proposition, the British taxpayer will have to provide the \$30.1 million that Whitehead cost.

- In skating rinks, bowling alleys and on ski slopes made of plastic, Japanese will soon be able to play at one of Japan's most modern resorts, the San-ai Hotel on Hokkaido Island, just an hour's plane ride from Tokyo. Work on the resort began last week when slim and tireless **Kiyoshi Ichimura**, 61, got permission from his backers to go ahead with the ambitious project. Already one of Japan's fastest rising businessmen, whose nine companies sold \$61 million worth of goods last year, Ichimura believes that "to stand still is to lose ground"—and he has rarely stood still since World War II. Picked as president of Riken Sensitized Paper Co. when the U.S. broke up the Riken cartel after the war, Ichimura made it Japan's biggest photocopying-machine producer. He rapidly moved into manufacturing cameras and watches, set up a lingerie factory, won a Coca-Cola franchise, and last month opened a ten-story ladies' apparel store on Tokyo's



ELEY



ICHIMURA



ORTIGAS

Ginza. Ichimura attributes his unusual career to an equally unusual source: "a Great Sulk" that began when, at 15, he was refused money to attend an acrobatic show—and ended only when he decided to go into business for himself.

- When the Philippine Republic decided to try to raise its gross national product by \$860 million in five years, the World Bank and the U.S. Agency for International Development both pledged funds to form a private development corporation to help encourage new businesses. The problem was finding an able and independent boss who would be acceptable to government reformers, the Philippine business community, and overseas bankers. The man was finally found, and last week **Francisco Ortigas Jr.**, 56, new president-treasurer of the Development Corporation of the Philippines, flew off to Washington to arrange \$22 million in loans. Roman Catholic Ortigas is a successful businessman with a highly regarded talent for organization. Branching out from his own insurance and real estate business, he has gone into meat packing, sugar refining and cement, written a book called *Planting Rice Is Never Fun*. As head of the new corporation, 70% controlled by Philippine citizens, he will decide where to extend long-term loans to help Philippine mining, agriculture and industry.

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Harmful effects of winter's slush and salt are prevented by the quality engineering of today's Ford-built cars. Here are just a few of the ways Ford Motor Company, a pioneer in rust protection, safeguards your investment by the use of unique manufacturing techniques and special rust-resistant materials. More reasons why Ford-built cars last longer, need less care, keep their value better.



Vital parts of galvanized steel (shown in yellow on this untreated body) resist rust 2 to 3 times longer than ordinary steel. Factory-applied undercoat deadens sound, protects against rust.



Critical areas (such as wheel openings and behind headlights) are sprayed with a primer that's approximately 90% concentrated zinc. Every nook and cranny gets careful rust protection.



Baked-in protection goes 4 coats deep. First, 3 coats of rust-fighting primer, then 2 coats of gleaming, chip-resistant enamel are baked on to lock in the lustre for longer-lasting beauty.



How to battle wheel spray. Ford-built cars have baffles in fender wells. These are designed to shield rocker panels and other areas from mud, splash and salt.



Rust-free materials are used widely. Wheel covers are chromed stainless steel. Moldings, aluminum or stainless steel. Grilles, aluminum or chromed metal — even exterior screws are stainless steel.



Mufflers are aluminized. Mufflers on Ford-built cars outlast ordinary mufflers 2 to 3 times. They're made of fully aluminized steel, or aluminized phosphorus steel.



8-step chrome keeps bumpers bright. So bumpers won't rust when "bumped." Chrome on Ford-built cars undergoes 8-step process. Included: copper plating, tin-plating, nickel plating.

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 to alter or to abolish it, and to
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 ment, laying its foundation on such
 principles, and organizing its powers
 in such form, as shall seem to them
 most likely to promote their safety
 and happiness. In this view, the
 Declaration of Independence is not
 only a declaration of the rights of
 man, but a declaration of the rights
 of the people. It is a declaration
 of the rights of the people to
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 ment, and to institute new forms
 of government, laying its founda-
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 nizing its powers in such form, as
 shall seem to them most likely to
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John Hancock
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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

CINEMA

Con Manual

Love and Larceny. "The fool banks in the crook's pocket." The old Italian proverb is wittily illustrated in this new Italian film: a merry little con manual that might serve equally for the instruction of rogues and the sophistication of innocents abroad. Educative excerpts:

- The hero (Vittorio Gassman), an artful dodger in need of some new shoes, strolls into a shoe store and tries on an expensive pair. "They look dark in this light," he murmurs, and permits the salesgirl to urge him toward the front door, where he carefully inspects the leather in the sunlight. A tomato, flung by an accomplice on the sidewalk, smacks him in the face. "Why, you punk!" the hero roars, and as the



GRAY & GASSMAN
Merrily witty.

WALTER D'ARAN

salesgirl stares in confusion he furiously pursues his assailant down the street and around the corner, running quite well for a man in a new pair of shoes.

- Gassman and accomplice sit at separate tables in a swell restaurant. Suddenly the accomplice doubles up and cries out as if in abdominal pain. The manager, alarmed and embarrassed, hurries him into the kitchen. The crook moans louder and curses the cook for poisoning him. At that point, Gassman strides into the kitchen and declares: "I am a doctor!" He examines the patient, says he really does have food poisoning, starts to phone the health department. "Don't," the manager begs him. "Don't ruin me! I'll do anything you ask!" The "doctor" hesitates significantly, then inquires in a low voice: "Are you offering me a bribe?"

- Smiling tenderly, the hero slips a ring on the finger of his bride (Dorian Gray) and the priest declares them man and wife. A jeweler in the wedding party steps forward with a diamond tiara. "Father," the groom says piously, "I have brought a little gift to the Virgin." The priest accepts it gratefully: "How good of you, my son." The jeweler walks briskly out of the church, clutching a fat check from the groom and confident that, even if it bounces, the priest will honorably render unto Caesar. But the instant he is out of

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light, the "priest" grabs the "bride." The "groom" grabs the diamonds, and they all make tracks for the nearest fence.

Gassman is hilarious in all his disguises—wax teeth, putty neb, store hair, tape-on tummy—but most hilarious as the con man conned by a girl friend (Anna Maria Ferrero) who does the wedding bit with phony jewels—and a real priest.

A Mouse in a Trap

Term of Trial. All that glitters is not tinsel. On the surface, this film shows a certain cheap flash; it can be seen as a snigger story about a dirty old man and a hot young thing. But those who dig beneath the surface will find dramatic iron: the story of a man too weak to be really good, of a woman too lazy to be really bad, and of the sad little mess they make of their lives.

The man (portrayed with inexhaustible finesse by Sir Laurence Olivier) is a schoolmaster and a good one as far as he goes: gentle, idealistic, fond of children, the Mr. Chips of a mill-town slum. But his gentleness is half timidity, his love of learning partly fear of life. Night after night he buries his nose in his books. He soaks his head in whisky because he cannot bear to think about the stupid, cunning, wistful, brutal, hungry little face he has seen all day. Above all, he cannot bear to think about life with his wife.

The wife (portrayed with vulgar charm by Simone Signoret) is a Frenchwoman who walks all over him and hates him for letting her do it. "You're so bloody noble," she sneers. "Why can't you be human for a change!" He heastily, is what she really means. Be like me. But he is too decent and too weak for that. He can only love her—yet the more he loves her the worse she treats him. His supper is cold, his bed is tepid. She gets fat and blames her figure on him: "No woman could keep her looks on your income." Having ruined her looks, she snarls, the least he can do is keep her till she can "find another man." But she is really too lazy to try, and what's more she would be miserable without a booby to bitch at.

One day a pretty little thing (Sarah Miles) gets a schoolgirl crush on her tired old teacher. He loves the child like a daughter, but before long she loves him in another sense, and one night she begs him hysterically to have her. Shocked, he refuses. Furious, she enters charges of indecent assault. After a painful scandal, he is acquitted and comes home to his wife in rueful triumph.

He finds her bags packed. Is she angry because he led the poor child on? Not a bit. She is leaving because he did not lead the poor child on—she despises his timidity. In a panic, the teacher violates that value which alone had given his life meaning: the sacred trust between teacher and pupil. "Oh, I did what she said I did," he says with a smirk. "I lied in court." His wife gasps, inspects him with a trace of respect, decides to stay. "Well," she coos, delighted to have him down on her level at last, "you're less of a mouse than I thought." He looks into the camera, a

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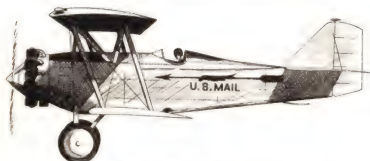
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man who knows better than anyone what he is, and that he will never have the strength to be anything more. "I am," he says bleakly. "am I?"

Locomotive Laugh

Son of Flubber. Ladies and gentlemen, a deathly silence has fallen on the stadium now. Only eight seconds left in the last period, and dear old Medfield, trailing 37-35, has the ball on its own two-yard line, first down and 98 to go. The team comes out of the huddle, up to the line of—WHAT? They're trying a field goal! Are they nuts! Ha-Ha-Ha! Who ever heard of a 98-yard field goal! Ha! ha!—huh? The ball is sailing over the line of scrimmage, over the fifty-yard line, over the goal posts, over the state line, over



FLUBBERGASSED PLAYER
Insuperably sappy.

the Atlantic Ocean... Ladies and gentlemen, the ball is in orbit!

Well, that's one way to give the customers a kick. But there are others, and Walt Disney exploits almost all of them in this insuperably sappy sequel to *The Absent Minded Professor*. Remembers him? His name is Neddie the Nut (Fred MacMurray) and he teaches chemistry at Medfield College. One day he blows up his lab and in the debris discovers flubber—the word means flying rubber, and the substance it describes reveals the law of gravity. In *Son of Flubber* he turns flubber slubber into flubbergas and shoots it through Big Flubbertha (a plastic howitzer that looks as if it cost at least 19,000 bubble-gum wrappers) at a passing cloud. He wants to make rain but he only breaks windows—30,000 windows.

Enter the villain (Keenan Wynn), a mustached miscreant named Alonzo Hawk who proposes a dastardly scheme to get rich quick: buy stock in glass companies and then—heh-heh-heh—break every window in the world! But the professor proudly refuses, and jumps in his flivver. He doesn't want to miss *The Big Game* and neither will any moviegoer who needs a good, old-fashioned locomotive laugh. It's a flubbergasser.

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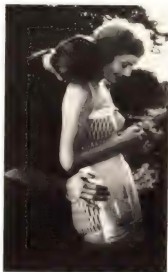
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Danish Shocker

A Stranger Knocks. A woman opens the door. It is raining and she asks him in. He says he wants to rent a cottage like hers, a solitary house by the sea. She offers him supper and a bed for the night. He accepts with apparent gratitude, but when she closes her bedroom door he goes gliding silently from room to room like a weasel on the lurk. The next morning, with many thanks for her hospitality, he leaves to catch a bus, but several hours later he is back. "Missed it," he says with an ingenuous smile. He stays another night, and on the third day, when they go swimming, he makes love to her in a meadow beside the sea.

All that day the lovers (Birgitte Federspiel and Preben Lerdorff Rye) dart about



RYE & FEDERSPIEL
She screams.

the house and through the fields like a pair of amorous butterflies. But the next day, when she takes off for town to buy some groceries, he stops her by main force. And a little while later, when the postman rings, he hides in the bedroom till the fellow goes away. "To avoid gossip," he explains a little too anxiously, and she accepts his explanation. But about the same time she discovers that her loaded gun is missing, and that night she sees on his arm a peculiar scar that could belong only to one man: the quivering, now a fugitive, who supervised the torture and murder of her husband during the German occupation.

Up to this point the film comports itself like an artful if sometimes arty thriller, one of the best films made in Denmark in recent years. But at this point it abruptly becomes the sex-shocker of the cinema season. In a scene that is bizarre, to say the least the heroine discovers the criminal identity of her lover at the erotic climax of their affair. Her scream is a scream of horror—but also a scream of ecstasy.

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TIME, FEBRUARY 15, 1963

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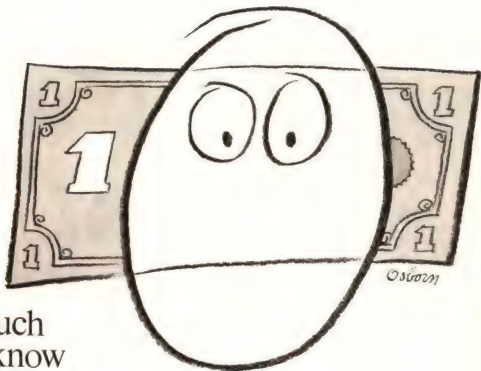
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SOURCES: STARCH CONSUMER MAGAZINE ADVERTISING REPORT, 1962; PIB



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This little True-False test might prove profitable—try it.

1. "Never keep all your money in one place. It's wiser to spread it around, with your checking account in one place, your wife's in another, and your savings still somewhere else."

True () or False ()

2. "Never get too confidential with a banker. Your finances are your own business and the less he knows about them, the better."

True () or False ()

3. "You're better off never borrowing any money."

True () or False ()

4. "If you do have to borrow, and it's for several different purposes (home loan, auto loan, personal loan, etc.), never do all your borrowing from the same place."

True () or False ()

The Answers?

You probably recognized that if you answered "TRUE" to any one of these statements, you're *wrong*. They're all FALSE, and here's why:

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Summing up, it appears that if there's any secret to "knowing about money," it's simply to get to know your banker *before* you need him and then use him for all he's worth. A responsible relationship with a Full Service commercial bank is the best financial and personal reference you can have. Why not get started now?



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CHURCH & STATE

POAU-WOW

The name has a ringing militancy, a brave air of rectitude, and a precisionist disdain for brevity. Protestants and Other Americans United for Separation of Church and State, more familiarly known as POAU. Last week in Denver, at its 15th annual POAU-wow on church and state, the 200,000-member organization concluded once again that Roman Catholic clericalism wants to smash big holes in the wall between religion and government in the U.S. But it also heard one good Baptist suggest that Pope John XXIII may have made POAU's traditional pugnacity a little obsolete.

Dr. Stanley I. Stuber, executive director of the Missouri Council of Churches and an unofficial observer at the Second Vatican Council last fall, reported that while in Rome he had "come to claim certain bishops, archbishops and cardinals as personal friends, even as dear brothers in Christ." He argued that when Rome itself is seeking to bring all Christians closer together, the time may have come for U.S. Protestants and Catholics to review "the whole matter of public-school education." This is about as far as ecumenism got. Stuber urged Catholic bishops to accept "the spirit and purpose of Pope John" and "declare a moratorium on their campaign for federal aid to parochial schools."

In its advance planning, POAU took cues from its longtime executive director, Methodist Lawyer Glenn L. Archer. "A new phenomenon has appeared in the secular life of the U.S.," said he. "It is the same phenomenon that has played a dominant, often sinister role in the life of many Latin states. Today, the church's secular power seeks to shape the policies of the state, the composition of governmental departments, and the appropriation of Government funds for Catholicism's private purposes." POAU geared to block various Catholic ambitions.

► In the congressional debate on Federal aid to education, POAU believes that Catholic spokesmen will seek to gain public funds for all colleges and universities, then argue that since Catholic colleges are acceptable recipients, Catholic secondary and grammar schools should be also. Warned Archer: "We will oppose."

► POAU will lobby for foreign-aid controls that would prevent the disbursement of U.S. funds to religious institutions in Latin America. In Girardot, Colombia, James Goff, a Presbyterian missionary, charged that the child of one Protestant was forbidden entrance to a local school built by Alliance for Progress funds and run by Catholic nuns.

► In 12 states, notably Kansas and Colorado, POAU is trying to remove nuns from jobs in the local public schools. At Hays, Kans., says Archer, "we have an agreement to eliminate nuns at the rate of five each year. If it isn't done, we'll take action."

PROTESTANTISM

The Campbellites Are Coming

Next June a congregation of 68 families, most of them from Texas, and their minister, will begin a mass move to the unassuming town of Bay Shore, L.I., a New York City suburb chosen for what the migrants conceive to be a novel blend of wholesomeness and godlessness. The purpose of "Exodus—Bay Shore" is to give that part of Long Island its first "pure-gospel" church, and the move is being sponsored by one of the nation's few big made-in-U.S.A. religious groups—the evangelical, expansive (2,240,000 members) Churches of Christ,* which dot Texas, Tennessee and Southern California.

The exodus was planned as carefully as a corporation hunts out a new plant site. Evangelist Duain Evans, 29, preacher of the proposed church, and a committee of elders scouted six other communities before choosing Bay Shore, which has the advantage of being near Long Island's aircraft and electronics plants. Recently a number of corporations sent representatives to Dallas to interview members of the new congregation about jobs; a number of Long Island school boards similarly solicited teachers. But faith more than fortune lies behind the exodus. "It is the will of God," says Evans, "that all who are saved today should share the 'good news' and joy of their salvation."

No Christmas. The Churches of Christ may well be the most Biblebound of all American religious groups. "Where the

Bible speaks, we speak; where the Bible is silent, we are silent," says Hollywood Minister Harris Goodwin. The churches accept only the authority of Scripture—but they leave each member free to interpret Scripture as he chooses. Their five "avenues of worship" are singing (but always *a cappella*); the Bible does not authorize instruments), praying, communion (taken every Sunday), preaching and giving.

Since there is no explicit New Testament authorization for it, the churches celebrate neither Easter nor Christmas, have neither bishops, presbyters nor any central authority. Each congregation is autonomous, and ministers govern with the help of lay elders, seldom let anyone call them anything but minister.

Most older members of the churches disapprove of smoking, drinking and dancing, and usually frown on political liberalism as well. Nine-tenths of the churches are white-only; a few are integrated, and the rest Negro-only. Churches of Christ are wary of ecumenical dealings with other Protestant groups, and some will not cooperate with Crusader Billy Graham.

Pentecost & Pennsylvania. Claiming to be a movement rather than a denomination, the Churches of Christ trace their founding back to the first Pentecost. Historians generally date the origin of the churches from 1809, when the Rev. Thomas Campbell, a dissident Presbyterian minister from western Pennsylvania, founded a new "Christian Association" to bring the church back to the practices of New Testament times. The Campbellites eventually split into liberal and conservative camps over such issues as the right of pastors to use the title reverend and the introduction of organ music in church services. In 1906 the conservatives reported separately in a U.S. religious census as members of the Churches of Christ; the liberals kept the title that

* Not to be confused with such major Protestant groups as the United Church of Christ (1,436,884 members) and the Disciples of Christ (1,797,406 members), or with dozens of smaller sects whose names variously involve the words church and Christ.



"EXODUS—BAY SHORE" FAMILIES & PREACHER EVANS (LEFT)
"Where the Bible speaks, we speak; where the Bible is silent, we are silent."

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98

Campbell applied to his followers. Disciples of Christ.

As against the declining trend of fundamentalist churches in general the Churches of Christ have grown rapidly in recent years. Congregations willingly allot up to 30% of their budgets to aid missions and new churches; hundreds of churchlets have been spawned in such countries as Italy, Brazil and India. In the U.S., membership has more than doubled since 1952, and the Churches of Christ currently have a number of well-known laymen, including California Democratic Congressman B. F. Sisk, Singer Pat Boone, and onetime Preacher Billie Sol Estes. Church of Christ Evangelist B. C. Goodpasture, editor of Nashville's *Gospel Advocate*, says that the growth is because "we stay with the Bible. We have something to believe and we have something to tell."

What the churches say seems to reach home to men disillusioned by the dreams of progress and by the value of life's material rewards. "Those who think that the world will get better and better," warns Harrison Mathews, pastor of Austin's University Church of Christ, "are looking for something that will never exist. The peace that the Lord gives is an inward gift. The only stability is of the heart."

JUDAISM

A Choice for the Chosen

To be a Jew, as often as not, means little more than sharing a common stock of habits and lore: bagels and gefilte fish, wistful jokes about schlemiels, the struggle against discrimination in country clubs—and childhood memories of the stately dining ritual on Passover. This, complains Theologian Arthur A. Cohen, is not Judaism but Jewishness—"the whole array of atomisms and sentimentalities which a secure minority can now afford." Cohen, in a fervent new book marked occasionally by some advanced term-paper prose, summons the comfortable, conforming natural Jew of the American present to recapture his supernatural vocation as a living reminder to all men that history is incomplete until God's Kingdom has been established.

The Natural and the Supernatural Jew (Pantheon; \$6) is a wide-ranging survey of modern Jewish thought, by the current enfant terrible in the field, Theologian Cohen, 34, writes of Judaism from the standpoint of the *maskil*—the Jewish sage who is outside the rabbinate. Although he studied at Manhattan's Jewish Theological Seminary (as well as at Columbia and Chicago), Cohen is by profession a publisher; he founded the Meridian line of quality paperbacks and now edits religious books for Holt Rinehart & Winston. Cohen is a believing Jew who accepts neither the Orthodox, nor Conservative nor Reform label. He is an editor of the intellectual quarterly *Judaism*, but just as often writes for the *Christian Century*.

God Has Called. The existential dilemma of the modern Jew, Cohen believes, is that he is both "a creature situated in nature and activated by history" who by

TIME, FEBRUARY 15, 1963



EDITOR COHEN
Surrender is fatal.

the fact of revelation also belongs to a supernatural community—the Old Testament's Chosen People: "God has covenanted with the Jewish people that it shall transcend nature and history to Him alone . . . Without the belief that God has called the Jew to Himself, to call oneself a Jew is but a half-truth."

No such distinction was possible before the emancipation of European Jewry from the ghettos between 1790 and the 1840s. Until then, the Jew lived in an insulated community that ensured conformance to tradition. Emancipation freed the Jew from the confines of community, and coming in contact with the ideas of the Enlightenment freed him from reliance on the tradition of Jewish theology. But the price of liberty was high. Under the influence of Lessing and Kant, Moses Mendelssohn (1729-86) stripped Judaism of its supernatural quality by arguing that it was essentially a rational faith. Even the greatest of modern Jewish thinkers, Jerusalem's influential "existential humanist" Martin Buber, dramatically envisions Judaism as an encounter between the "I" of man and the "Thou" of God—and ignores the Jewish heritage of tradition and law.

"The Only Weapon." To Cohen, one of the unhappiest products of the emancipation is American Jewry, which has tended to retreat into the inflexible intransigence of Orthodox or blend into middle-class life à la Marjorie Morningstar. Although they have preserved their "ethnic peculiarities" and "lunatic eccentricities," Cohen charges, many U.S. Jews "divested themselves of that which they considered most noticeable, provocative, and embarrassing, namely, their religion." This convenient surrender, he says, is fatal: "Adjustment of the Jew to the natural conditions of his environment divests him of the only weapon his supernatural vocation, which allows him to survive. The natural Jew as such has, we believe, no hope."



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MILESTONES

Born. To Washington State's Senator Henry Martin ("Scoop") Jackson, 50, the U.S. Senate's most eligible bachelor until his 1961 marriage, and Helen Hardin Jackson, 29; their first child, a daughter; in Washington, D.C.

Married. Tony Curtis, 37, senior citizen among Hollywood's young romantic leads, until recently paired with Janet Leigh in one of movieland's "perfect marriages"; and Christine Kaufmann, 38, widowed German starlet, whom he met while filming *Taras Bulba*; in Las Vegas.

Divorced. By Ann Harding, 58, gracefully aging blonde cinemactress (*The Girl of the Golden West*); Werner Janssen, 62, world-traveling symphony conductor; on grounds of intolerable cruelty (she accused him of giving her an ulcer); after 26 years of marriage, no children; in Bridgeport, Conn.

Died. Abdul Karim Kassem, 48, Iraqi Premier who seized power in a *coup d'état*; reportedly in front of a firing squad after another *coup d'état*; in Baghdad (see *THE WORLD*).

Died. Abd el Krim, 81, fiery Riff rebel against the Spanish and French in the 1920s; of a heart attack; in Cairo (see *THE WORLD*).

Died. Barnum Brown, 80, curator emeritus of fossil reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History, a spirited scientist who spent a lifetime gathering more relics of extinct prehistoric monster life than any man before him, thereby earning the honorific title "Father of the Dinosaurs"; following a stroke; in Manhattan. Though he was known primarily as a paleontologist, one of Brown's most important works was the authentication of a group of stone arrowheads found in New Mexico that proved man has inhabited North America for 20,000 years, not merely 10,000 as scientists once believed.

Died. Herbert Louis Samuel, 92, British statesman and philosopher. First Viscount Samuel of Mount Carmel and of Tooteth, Liverpool, a lifelong Liberal who served his country in posts ranging from Home Secretary to Postmaster General; in London. He proudly called himself "the first member of the Jewish community" to enter the British Cabinet, and after working with Chaim Weizmann to achieve the Balfour Declaration, became Britain's first High Commissioner to Palestine from 1920-23. There inheriting the disorder of a sleepy outpost of the fallen Ottoman Empire, he put aside his personal feelings as a Jew, ruled the antagonistic Arabs and Jews with rare justice and creativity. Later, in such philosophical works as *Belief and Action: An Everyday Philosophy*, he used his same mediating skills in an attempt to reconcile the divergence of philosophy, science and religion.



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The Ultimate Beatnik

A CLOCKWORK ORANGE (184 pp.)—Anthony Burgess—Norton (\$3.95).

In *A Clockwork Orange*, Anthony Burgess has written what looks like a nasty little shocker but is really that rare thing in English letters—a philosophical novel. The point may be overlooked because the hero, a teen-age monster, tells all about everything in *nadsat*, a weird argot that seems to be all his own. *Nadsat* is neither gibberish nor a Joycean exercise. It serves to put Alex where he belongs—half in and half out of the human race.

While *Pee & Em Are Aways*. It is a nightmare world Alex lives in, and readers of Constantine FitzGibbon and George Orwell will place the time roughly between *When the Kissing Had to Stop* and this side of 1984. Only the *lewdies* (the old) read any more and "newspapers not being read much neither." There is universal social security. The *millicents* (police) are everywhere. Russia is the dominant influence (the pop singers are Bert Laski and Johnny Zhivago), and it is suggested that Alex and his dreadful *droogs* (gangmates) get their Russian-based special vocabulary by subliminal propaganda. Life for Alex is real *horrorshow* (just fine—from the Russian *khorocho?*). Alex wears skin-tight black tights, padded *pletchoes* (shoulders) and real *horrorshow* boots for kicking. He likes to go to milk bars for the old *maloko* (milk) or milk-plus, a teen tippie laced with what seems to be mesaline. Thus hyped up, Alex and his hyped-up *droogs* prowl the town and kick in the *keeshkas* (triples) of a *lewdie*, nearly murder an old shopkeeper for a few *polly* (pounds) and *cancers* (cigarettes). They invade the country house of a writer, like Burgess himself, the author of a novel called *A Clockwork Orange*, and force him to look on while they rape his wife. Alex's sole



NAPOLEON IN RETREAT FROM MOSCOW
Survival as a lust.



CANETTI

link with humanity seems to be his love for "Ludwig van," especially the Choral *Ninth*. While his *pee* and *em* (parents) are at work, he perversely violates two small girls (Alex himself is only 15) while Beethoven gives out with the *Ninth* on the record player.

Gulliver Unravels. At this point it may be suspected that Burgess is merely putting on a Grand Guignol and that he shares Alex's taste for the existentialist's "gratuitous act" or pointless crime. He is not. Alex's later story is "like tragic" and expounds a bitter moral theorem. He is jailed and selected by the state authorities for Reclamation Treatment. Under drugs and with his eyelids clipped open, he is forced to watch an endless succession of films showing Japanese and Nazi tortures while Beethoven supplies the sound track. Then, conditioned like Pavlov's dog, Alex is released on society, guaranteed to vomit at the sight of violence or the sound of Beethoven. As one of his brainwashing group observes, "He ceases to be a wrongdoer. He ceases also to be a creature capable of moral choice." The experiment fails when Alex goes into a frenzy after hearing some Mozart, leaps from a window and knocks all the grafted goodness out of his *gulliver* (head).

This pilgrim's progress of a beatnik Stavrogin is a serious and successful moral essay. Burgess argues quite simply that Alex is more of a man as an evil man than as a good zombie. The clockwork of a mechanical society can never counterfeited the organic vitality of moral choice. Goodness is nothing if evil is not accepted as a possibility.

Burgess, a member of an old English Catholic family, was a composer and teacher before he became a fulltime writer four years ago. His earlier book, *Devil of a State*, is a Waugh-like account of a fictional state remarkably like Brunei, where he had served as educational adviser to the Sultan. It won praise for what seemed like the high spirits of a young talent (Burgess was then 42). It gave little hint of the moral seriousness of *Orange*, where the brassily orchestrated jive of *nadsat* is used to point up a grave philosophical theme. It is a gruesomely witty cautionary tale—but not one for children.

The Nature of Evil

CROWDS AND POWER (495 pp.)—Elias Canetti—Viking (\$7.50).

The gloomiest of modern thinkers have found the human being sex-ridden, despairing or just plain hollow. But Elias Canetti, 57, a Bulgarian-born novelist and playwright, goes further. In this massive, provocative and often brilliant work, he concludes that man is power-mad, and never more so than in a crowd.

Recently published in England, *Crowds and Power* impressed all critics with its erudition, dazzled some into superlatives, and numbed others. Like Spengler, Toynbee and other sweeping theorists, Canetti casts a net over all of human history and tends to describe the entire sea from what he finds in his net.

The human body, according to Canetti, bristles with power. The most innocent-seeming gesture recalls the primitive seizing and devouring of prey. "The hand's real glory derives from the grip," writes Canetti, "the central and most often celebrated act of power." The hard, unyielding rows of teeth resemble smoothly polished stone weapons, and in an open mouth often appear menacing. Even the way a person sits in a chair may reveal whether he is, at heart, gripping a throne or a horse or another human being; Canetti has small patience for those who think man's basic instinct is self-preservation. Man is not a "statue," writes Canetti, "with one hand reaching for food and with the other fending off its enemies. His way of procuring his prey is cunning bloodthirsty and strenuous. He does not mildly defend himself but attacks his enemies as he senses them in the distance; his weapons of attack are far better developed than his weapons of defense."

Killing for Equality. Man's lust for power is given freest rein in a crowd. A crowd, for Canetti, is the basic unit of human society, akin to many things in nature: a contagious fire, an all-embracing sea, an immovable forest of trees, boundless sand. Men join crowds to escape the restrictions of life and the sense of isolation from others; the crowd provides a



ANTHONY BURGESS
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short-lived but deeply felt equality and companionship. "Stepping out of everything which binds, encloses and burdens them is the real reason for the elation which people feel in a crowd," writes Canetti. "Nowhere does the individual feel more free and if he tries to remain part of a crowd, it is because he knows what awaits him afterwards. When he returns to his house, to himself, he finds again, boundaries, burdens and stings."

All crowds in the raw behave much the same. Canetti argues, whether they form for feasts, funerals, rebellions or lynchings. They have a demoniacal urge to grow and an equally demoniacal urge to battle an opposing crowd. Rummaging through history, Canetti cites some gory examples of crowd behavior to support his thesis. Crowds that form for the most exalted reasons can become the most murderous. Typical was an Easter service in Jerusalem in 1834. The faithful flocked to the church by the thousands to see the descent of the Holy Fire. When the "miraculous" fire appeared, people were in a frenzy to get to it. In the turmoil, two crowds squared off and started senselessly slaughtering each other until the church floor was littered with corpses.

Taming the Bloodthirsty. In Canetti's view, the history of civilization is the history of combating crowds. Over the centuries, men have developed institutions that can turn open, or natural, crowds into closed, or "domesticated," ones. A closed crowd can then offer advantages that an open crowd cannot. The closed crowd provides permanence: its members know that when they disband they will meet again. They lack the elation of a natural crowd, but they share a "mild state of crowd feeling," which can be indefinitely repeated. The members also know they are protected from death in a way they are not in an open crowd. The best crowd domesticators, says Canetti, are the world's great religions. Parliamentary democracy is another example of successful domestication. In politics, two crowds continue to assemble to do battle, but it is a peaceful one, with prescribed rules. Since neither crowd is threatened with death if it loses, each is willing to abide by democracy.

If a closed crowd is dishanded, then an open crowd forms again in all its fury. When the Treaty of Versailles abolished the German army, then Germany's "most essential closed crowd," the Nazi mob sprang up in its place.

Natural crowds need a leader, and he is, writes Canetti, "mankind's worst evil, its curse and perhaps its doom." For the leader not only has the urge to kill the enemy but his own people as well, so that he alone can survive. Surviving others is the headiest form of power, writes Canetti. Everyone to some degree shares it, as anyone knows who has gone to war. But this feeling is dangerously exaggerated in the leader. Canetti argues in a brilliant series of comparisons that the acts of autocratic rulers reflect the same lust for survival as the dreams of paranoids, the fantasies of alcoholics, the rites of primi-



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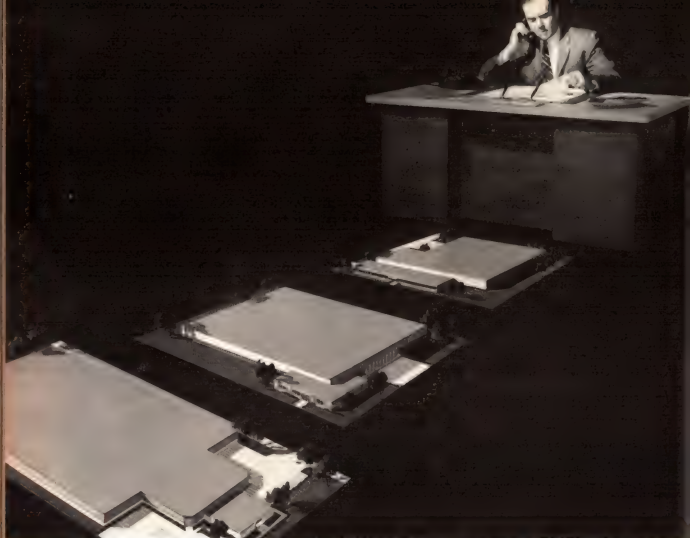
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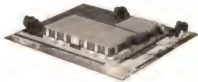
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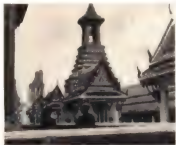
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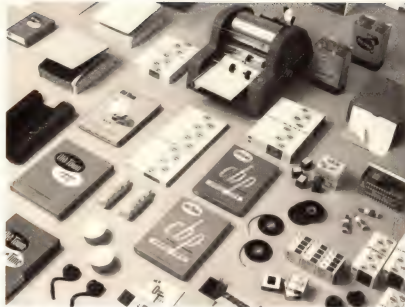
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tive people. He dismisses the historical justifications of crowd leaders like Julius Caesar, Genghis Khan or Napoleon; and argues that, at bottom, their goal was not the making of an empire but the slaughter of others: "Their fame depends in the end less on victory or defeat than on the monstrous number of their victims."

High Jinks in Hell

TRIUMPH (277 pp.)—Philip Wylie—Doubleday (\$4.50).

Polemicalist Philip Wylie has found a subject more forbidding than Mom. It is the possibility of human extinction by nuclear warfare. *Triumph* is his second novel dedicated to his new cause. In *Tomorrow* (TIME, Jan. 18, 1954) 20 million Americans were wiped out. Thanks to the progress of science since then, the survivors in *Triumph* are just twelve men and women



PHILIP WYLIE
A menace worse than Mom.

and two children (aged 9 and 12) out of the whole U.S. population. Europe, Russia and China are extinct, and only the Southern Hemisphere survives. Offshore cobalt time mines render the blackened U.S. uninhabitable for a long, long time with a million roentgen radioactive fallout.

This should be the most horrible book ever written. Actually, thanks to Wylie's jaunty business-as-usual prose the effect is quite different. As long as there is a novelist with the old know-how, all is not lost. The reader of this *Tom-Sawyer-in-Hell* story has the choice of a dozen characters with whom it should be a privilege to identify. There is this tycoon, an old Walter Huston type, rich enough to dig a two or three hundred million dollar fur-lined funk hole under his Connecticut Shangri-la. There is his nice ginny wife. And (what larks in the ark in this subterranean Ararat) his mistress, A Jewish nuclear physicist clever enough to work the survival gear and brave enough to make like a space comic hero in an asbestos suit along the hot galleries of the shelter. The tycoon's blonde daughter. The tycoon's colored butler—old-fashioned enough to



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do a bit of praying. The butler's honey-colored sexpot daughter. The Japanese gardener's son. A dreamy Hawaiian-Chinese girl. An Italian-American gangster-zigolo type with a switch knife. A gas-meter reader. An Ivy League dope engaged to the tycoon's daughter.

The reader is well ahead of these cartoon types: half the book is over before they have grasped the fact that there are no outside commitments whatever left to keep them all from integrating in the nicest way. But the children (abandoned by Wylie's old enemy—their Mom) have the right word for all this horror show. "Geography." They say as they tend their lessons down below. "Geography, fuit!" Also, history, philosophy, art, science and probably theology. In the outcome of the Wylie fable, all these little things are left in the hands of the Australians.

While giving full credit to Wylie's expertise (he has acted as some kind of consultant in the civil defense program), connoisseurs of this kind of proliferating work will probably prefer the one about a breed of carnivorous plants who are chomping up the world, or the one that postulates the disappearance of all the oceans like bath water going down the drain.

The Beautiful Illusion

THE FAMILIAR FACES [221 pp.]—David Garnett—Harcourt, Brace & World (\$5.75).

When it comes to literary name dropping, English Novelist-Critic David Garnett has practically no peers. At 70, he can look back to a childhood spent in the company of literary lights like Joseph Conrad, Henry James, "Jack" Galsworthy, Ford Madox Ford. His father was a prominent publisher; his mother Constance was the industrious translator who gave a whole generation of English readers the feeling that all the great Russians (Turgenev, Tolstoy, Dostoevsky) wrote in the same curiously flat style. With such parental credentials, "Bunny" Garnett became almost automatically a charter member of the post-World War I Bloomsbury group, which included Aldous Huxley, Virginia Woolf, Lytton Strachey, E. M. Forster. Those earlier friendships he wrote of in the first two volumes of his autobiography—*The Golden Echo* and *Flowers of the Forest*. In the present volume he opens, with a necrology—a list of the old familiar faces that disappeared from his world in the 1930s by suicide, bomb, cancer, tetanus, flying, sleepwalking and assorted other agents. *The Familiar Faces* is their obituary.

It catches convincingly the style and tone of a generation of intellectuals who for a long period were certain that "the forces of intelligence and enlightenment were winning . . . that the dark ages were over." That spirit and that conviction did not survive the Depression, when, says Garnett, suicide became the rage in Bloomsbury. The writer Dorothy Edwards stepped in front of a train; the poetess Cynthia Mengs, who had been "trying to break her neck for years," man-



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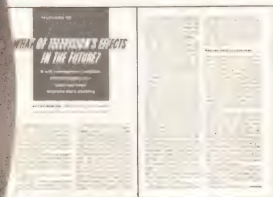
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●● Television will, I think, increase respect for that kind of American who, not so long ago, was derided: the egghead. For countless millions will be exposed to those strange creatures—intellectuals—whom they were too long prone to think of as impractical, 'longhair'—even useless or 'subversive.' To see and hear writers, teachers, scientists, thinkers in discussion programs, on panel shows, in interviews, can hardly help but dissolve some part of the foolish and negative stereotype which the uninformed and the Philistine hold dear. For whatever else one may say about eggheads, they have brains; they are articulate; they are concerned with ideas. ●●—
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aged it in a steeplechase; Dora Carrington, Lytton Strachey's longtime housekeeper and companion, shot herself and died with "a proud expression on her face." What were they suffering from? An illusion. Author Garnett now thinks, "as beautiful and as foolish as that which underlies Christianity: the belief that men naturally love one another."

Character Assassination

THROUGH THE HOOP (351 pp.)—Michel Del Castillo—Knopf (\$4.95).

Spanish-born Michel Del Castillo, 30, spent a harrowing childhood in European concentration camps, but was able to recall his experiences calmly and compassionately in a widely praised first novel, *Child of Our Time*. In his third novel Del Castillo is more belligerent and less interesting. He now seems bent on taking



MICHEL DEL CASTILLO
A tour of monsters.

revenge on all the adults who blighted his childhood in Franco's Spain.

There are enough villains to populate Dante's *Inferno*: priests, bishops, mothers, fathers, Falangists, high society, low society, expatriates. Del Castillo is a kind of chatty Virgil who takes his readers on a tour of these monsters, pausing before them for ponderous comments like "Oh, the mysteries of life." It is not that the light touch is beyond Del Castillo. A felicitous phrase occasionally escapes him: they had "the habit of sprinkling theft and graft with holy water." It is just that he cannot refrain from constantly clubbing his characters senseless. In a matter of three pages, he manages to accuse a Spanish small businessman of "cynicism," "pharisaism," "obduracy," "unctuousness," "cravenness," "priggishness" and "cruelty." The reader's sympathy mulishly goes out to a fellow so abused by his author.

The only contrast to all the villainy is an ethereal, Christ-like character who is of course unjustly martyred. Even in Franco's Spain, there must be something between saints and sinners, someone who is just the least bit human.

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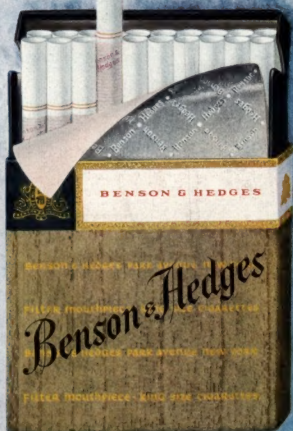
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